

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

No. 132.—VOL. V.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1876.

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MISS FANNY DAVENPORT.

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THEATRES.

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PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI. EVERY EVENING, at 8. Artistes—Mdlle. Bianchi, Madame Fernandez Bentham, Signori Gianini and Medica. Pianist—M. Henri Ketten. Magnificent band of 100 performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards (F. Godfrey). Theatre beautifully decorated by Dayes and Caney, and rendered delightfully cool by Fountains, Ferneries, Grottoes, &c. (by Dick Radclyffe and Co.) interspersed with huge blocks of ice, and perfect ventilation.
Mozart Night, Wednesday next.
Italian Night, Friday next.
Conductor, Signor ARDITI.
Box Office open from 10 till 5. Manager, Mr. J. RUSSELL.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY

EVENING.—At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, and Charles Warner; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Man-

ager, Mr. Alex. Henderson.—THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE, a great and acknowledged success, 16th Night. At Eight, a comic drama, by A. Matthison, Esq., entitled MARY'S SECRET: Messrs. H. Standing, Russell, and G. Barrett; Mesds. E. Duncan and E. Vining. At 8.45, THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE: supported by J. Clarke, Righton, Standing, and H. Ashley; Mesdames C. Hope, Vining, H. Coveney, Myra Holme, E. Bruce, and Emily Duncan. Notice.—Summer arrangements: The doors open at 7.30; the curtain rises at 8 punctually, "The Great Divorce Case" commences at 8.45, terminates at, or as near as possible, 11. The coolest and best ventilated theatre in London.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH'S Autumn Tour

commences at the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, Monday, August 28th.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—This theatre will be re-opened on Saturday evening next, September 2nd, when Mr. John S. Clarke will commence an engagement of Seven Nights as Dr. Pangloss, LL.D., and A.S.S., and Major Wellington de Boots, in the Comedies of the HEIR-AT-LAW and a WIDOW HUNT. Mesdames Minnie Walton, Emily Thorne, Blanche Henri, Hayes. Messrs. Howe, Everill, Braid, Gordon, Joyce, Weathersby, Crouch, &c. Doors open at Seven, commence at Half-past Seven. Box Office open to till 5.
Mr. Gilbert's new and original Drama, in Three Acts, called DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH, will be produced on Monday Evening, Sept. 11.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr.

HARE.—This Theatre will OPEN on SATURDAY, Sept. 9, for a Short Season, under the management of Miss HELEN BARRY, when will be produced an entirely new and original play, in four acts, entitled ETHEL'S REVENGE, in which Miss Helen Barry will appear, supported by a powerful company. Acting Manager, Mr. John Huy.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest. Dancing on the monster Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. Grand Fête al fresco. On MONDAY and Every Evening during the week (except Wednesday and Thursday) at 7. THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, by Tom Taylor, Esq. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syme, Nicholls, Gillett, Vincent, Geo. Conquest, Jun., Inch, Grant, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, &c. Incidental dances. To conclude with NECK OR NOTHING; Mr. Geo. Conquest, &c. Wednesday, NECK OR NOTHING; THE CORSIAN BROTHERS; and THE YOUNG WIDOW. Thursday, NECK OR NOTHING. INCIDENTALS. BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, the interesting Drama called DOOMED TO DARKNESS. Messrs. Reynolds, Fox, Reeve, Lewis, Pitt. Mdlles. Adams and Brewer. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Lizzie Sims. The Garrett Troupe. Brothers Keeling. Concluding with BEGGAR'S PETITION. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Drayton, Jackson, Bigwood, Parry, Hyde. Mdlles. Bellair, Brewer, Summers, Rayner, Mrs. Newham. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Miss Lizzie Rayner and Mr. Perry.

CREMORNE.—Proprietor and Manager,

Mr. John Baum.—Open on Sundays for Promenade. Admission by Refreshment Card, 6d. GREAT FETE ON MONDAY, in Aid of the Funds of the HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN. Special attractions. Comic Polo Match. The Chantrell Family. Instrumental Concert. Increased Orchestra, conducted by H. Seibold. Grand Ballet. Comic Opera—Madame Sanyeah. Pantomime by the Lauris. De Vere, the Conjuror. Acrobats. Gymnasts. Extra Fireworks and Illuminations. WEDNESDAY NEXT. Benefit of J. WELLS, Pyrotechnist. GREAT FIREWORK NIGHT: Enormous new Set Piece representing an Indian Temple. Flight of Six Magnesium Balloons. Twinkling Stars. Salvos of 12-inch Shells. Immense Cascade of Fire 100 feet high and 200 feet long. Novel mechanical set piece a Man on a bicycle. Great Silver cloud studded with turquoise stars. Batteries of Roman Candles. No Advance in the Price of Admission.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending SEPT-

ber 2nd.
MONDAY, AUG. 28th } MYERS' GREAT HIPPODROME.
to } Two Performances Daily.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 2nd.)
THURSDAY, Aug. 31st, in addition to above, great Firework Display, Races and Elephant Bathing.
MONDAY, SIXPENCE; Other Days, ONE SHILLING, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's Park, are OPEN daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d; Children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will (by permission of Colonel Owen L. C. Williams) perform in the gardens at four o'clock every Saturday until further notice. The Indian Menagerie of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is open daily after 11 o'clock. THE NEW LION HOUSE contains a full series of the larger Feline animals.

PROFESSOR BECKWITH'S ANNUAL

BENEFIT takes place at the LAMBETH BATHS on MONDAY, AUGUST 28th. SWIMMING GALAS. Afternoon at 3, Evening at 8. All Competitors in Correct Costume. THE BECKWITH FAMILY, including MISS BECKWITH. Also E. T. JONES the Fastest Swimmer ever known.

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TIES in MONOGRAMS, CRESTS, and ADDRESSES. STEEL DIES, Engraved as Gems. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour, relief, and illuminated in Gold, Silver, and Colours in the highest style of art. A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly engraved and 100 SUPERFINE CARDS printed for 4s. 6d.—RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

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THE FIRST AND ONLY REAL ICE-RINK IN EXISTENCE THE OLD CLOCK HOUSE, 379, KING'S-ROAD, CHELSEA, S.W.

The large Rink now completed and permanently frozen over, is open for Skaters.
Admission—by Visitor's vouchers only—which, together with the club rules and other particulars, can be obtained upon application by letter to the Secretary, April 25, 1876. HARRINGTON E. O'REILLY.

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"JEWELS OF RICH AND EXQUISITE FORM."—Cymbeline, Act I. sc. ii.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We have hitherto answered the larger number of letters containing queries, by post, but these are now becoming so numerous that for the future we shall reply only through the medium of this column.

SPORTING.

ALFRED CONNOLLY.—According to Camden's Britannia, horse-racing was practised in the forest of Galtres, near York, in 1590, or earlier, but races were not regularly established at York before 1709. The York races were formerly held on Clifton-Ings, by the Ouse.
H. B.—King George the Fourth was a Master of Foxhounds in 1798, when he resided at Crichtill, in Dorsetshire.
F. E. S.—We never met with but one verse of the old song you mention, and that ran as follows:—
"Come, Willie, now give up this racing
If ever thou meanest to thrive;
No, mother, I'll not give up racing
For any old lady alive.
For if I went not to the races
I'd think I was gone clean mad,
For many's the days of jollity,
And fun at the races I've had."

H. B. WILLIAMS.—Eight horses were entered.

N. S. M.—In 1824.

BRIGHTON BILLY.—At Doncaster in 1842.

PIGEONS.

F. C.—The Antwerp homing pigeon was introduced into this country in 1820, by Mr. F. Redmond of Southwark, who was famous as a pigeon fancier, and used to hold meetings of the fraternity at his house in the Borough. You will find an account of the old clubs in Cassell's Illustrated Book of Pigeons.

DRAMATIC.

D. H. L.—Francis Mere, in a tract called Palladio Tamia, which was published in 1598, gave in a catalogue of the works of Shakspeare, a play called Love's Labours Won, but we remember no other record of its existence.
J. B.—In August 1871, the Gaiety was under the management of Mr. Walter Montgomery.
EMILY.—Mrs. Jordan's maiden name was Francis, and she made her first appearance in Dublin.
E. K. W.—Gothold Ephraim Lessing was born in 1729, at Kamenz, a little town in Lusatia. His dramatic works have lost the reputation they once enjoyed, and are now very seldom played. Minna von Barnhelm retained its popularity longest. His Dramaturgie worked a revolution in the theatre.

MUSICAL.

B. J.—Hamilton's translation of Bach's "Scales and Modulations" was published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., of New Burlington-street, many years ago.
"CORNO."—Rossini's father, Giuseppe, was town crier of Pezaro, in the Romagna, and used to play the horn in the orchestras of theatrical booths at fairs and other musical gatherings. His wife played small parts on the stage, and had considerable reputation as a vocalist.
DONALD.—Mr. Joseph Francis Barnett, the composer of "The Mountain Sylph," and other operas, is still living. He is not the father, but the uncle of Mr. J. F. Barnett, composer of "The Ancient Mariner," "The Raising of Lazarus," and other works.
CELLO.—Signor Piatti was born A.D. 1823, at Bergamo. Camillo Sivori was born in the same year at Genoa.
R. A. M.—Mr. Henry Smart is a nephew of the late Sir George Smart.
VIOLINO.—Cremona is not the name of a violin maker, but is an Italian town, in which the celebrated violin-makers Amati, Guarnerius, and Stradivarius, exercised their art.

PUGILISTIC.

A READER.—Jackson, the famous prize-fighter, fully deserved the term, and it was usually applied to him. During the whole of his long life he was never, we believe, accused of a mean or dirty action, and it was said at his death that he had not left a single enemy behind him. Anecdotes of his kindly and charitable deeds used to abound in every house of sporting repute. He was selected at the coronation of George IV. to organise a body of respectable prize-fighters, who were engaged to keep the peace in Westminster Hall, and regulate the pressure of the crowd at its entrances. There are many living who remember the man with great respect and admiration.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. J.—Henry Fielding died in 1754, at the age of 47.
JAMES ELDER.—The ceremony took place on St. Luke's Day, October 18th, and those taking part in it assembled at the Mermaid Tavern, in Billingsgate, where they took boat for Cuckold's Point.
J. BRADLEY.—A very strange affair; but you are a stranger, and have not enclosed your address card, under which circumstances we should not care to repeat the story.
"AFTER DINNER."—The origin of toasting has been ascribed to the following incident. The mistress of an English king was in her bath when her royal lover suddenly broke in upon her privacy with several of his courtiers who had been drinking with him. Having their goblets still in their hands, one of the unscrupulous revellers filled it from the water in which the nymph was bathing, and drank to her. His example was followed by the rest of the merry crew, until it came to the king's turn, who, perhaps, not quite relishing the liquid, said by way of jest and with reference to the then common practice of putting a toast into liquor, "I'll take the toast." The jest spread, and was repeated until the term became generally accepted and has been retained ever since.
ONE OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL GUESSERS.—We have handed your note to the Captious Critic.
W. B., Literary Bureau, Chicago.—We shall have great pleasure in acceding to your request.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1876.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

"It would be to consider too curiously, to consider" whether a letter written by Mr. John Revans, of Sorel, Jersey, and published in the Hour, was the cause of the happy despatch of that brilliant journal; but we venture to "enter a remonstrance" against Mr. Revans nevertheless. He says—"In Jersey an Englishman is held to be a foreigner. A man not born in Jersey cannot hold even the most menial office there." Really! Then those enterprising foreigners who have discovered in the most popular of the Jersey Centeniers an out-and-out Yorkshireman are mistaken? Eh, Mr. Revans? And popular General Norcott, the Lieutenant-Governor, is a Jerseyman? For the rest we pledge ourselves to provide Mr. John Revans with the refusal and choice of at least half a dozen

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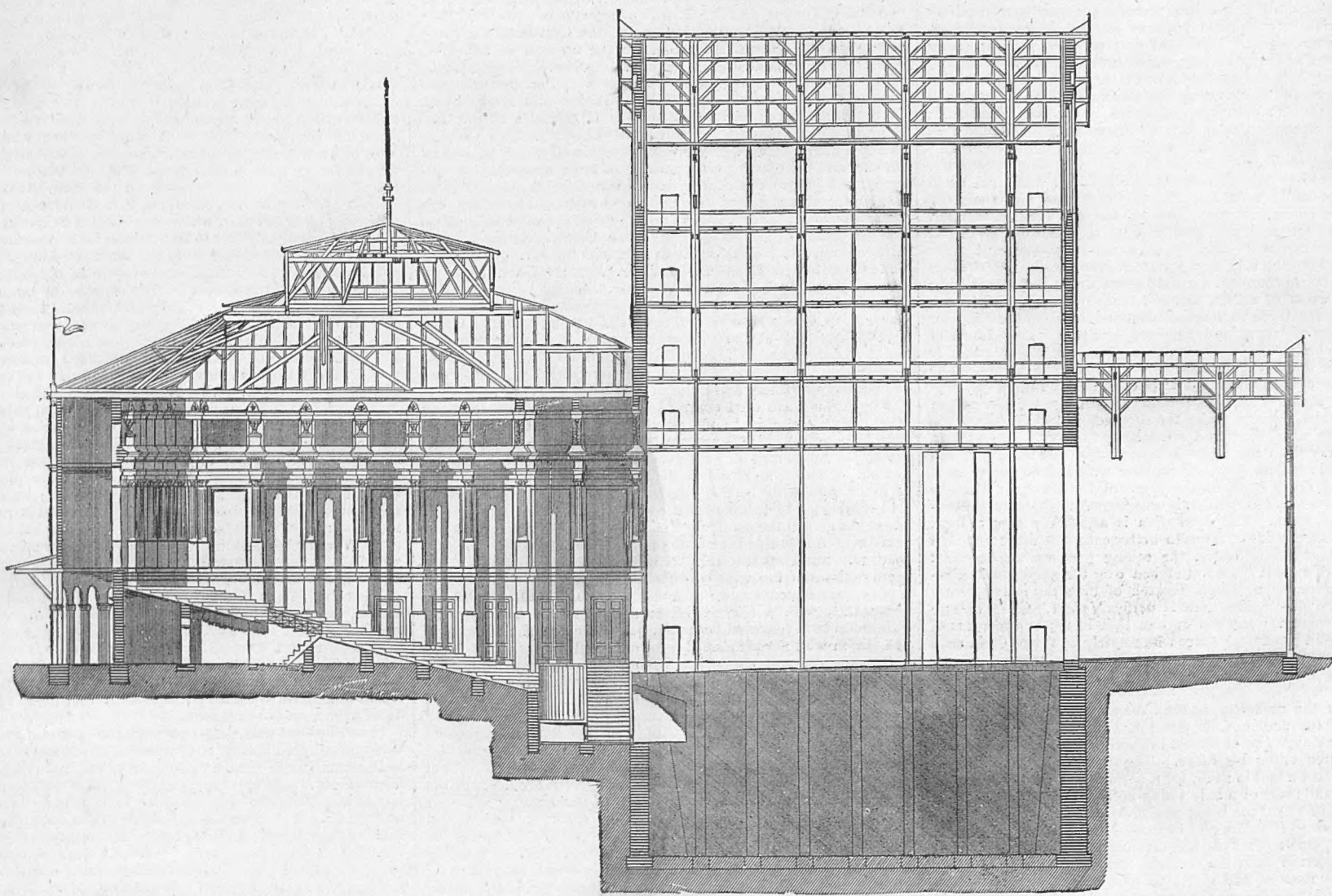
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THE WAGNER THEATRE AT BAYREUTH.

As our readers will perceive, the architectural beauty of Wagner's new theatre at Bayreuth is of a very elevated kind, soars, in fact, beyond the reach of mere mortal vision. In accordance with the great musician's plan, it has been erected where it cannot enter into the vulgar arena of mere commercial enterprise, but will exist as the quiet abode of refined art, attractive to none but lovers of

poetical high class dramatic music. It has been so constructed that from every part of it an uninterrupted view of the stage may be commanded, and no seats exist from which the spectators cannot obtain a complete view of the entire stage, its actors, and its scenery, at the same time without being able to overlook the performers off the stage or the musicians in the invisible orchestra, which is sunk—as in sectional illustrations we show—beneath the level of the stage. By this arrangement the solo singers' gain is

enormous. They have the full advantage of their accompaniment, for the instruments though below are visible to them, and they no longer directly interpose between themselves and the spectators. Their voices reach the audience with the fullest and most telling effect, and no complaint can be made of notes borne down and weakened by sounding brass or other instruments. Wagner must emphatically be acquitted from the charge of sacrificing his singers to his orchestra. It is also beyond dis-

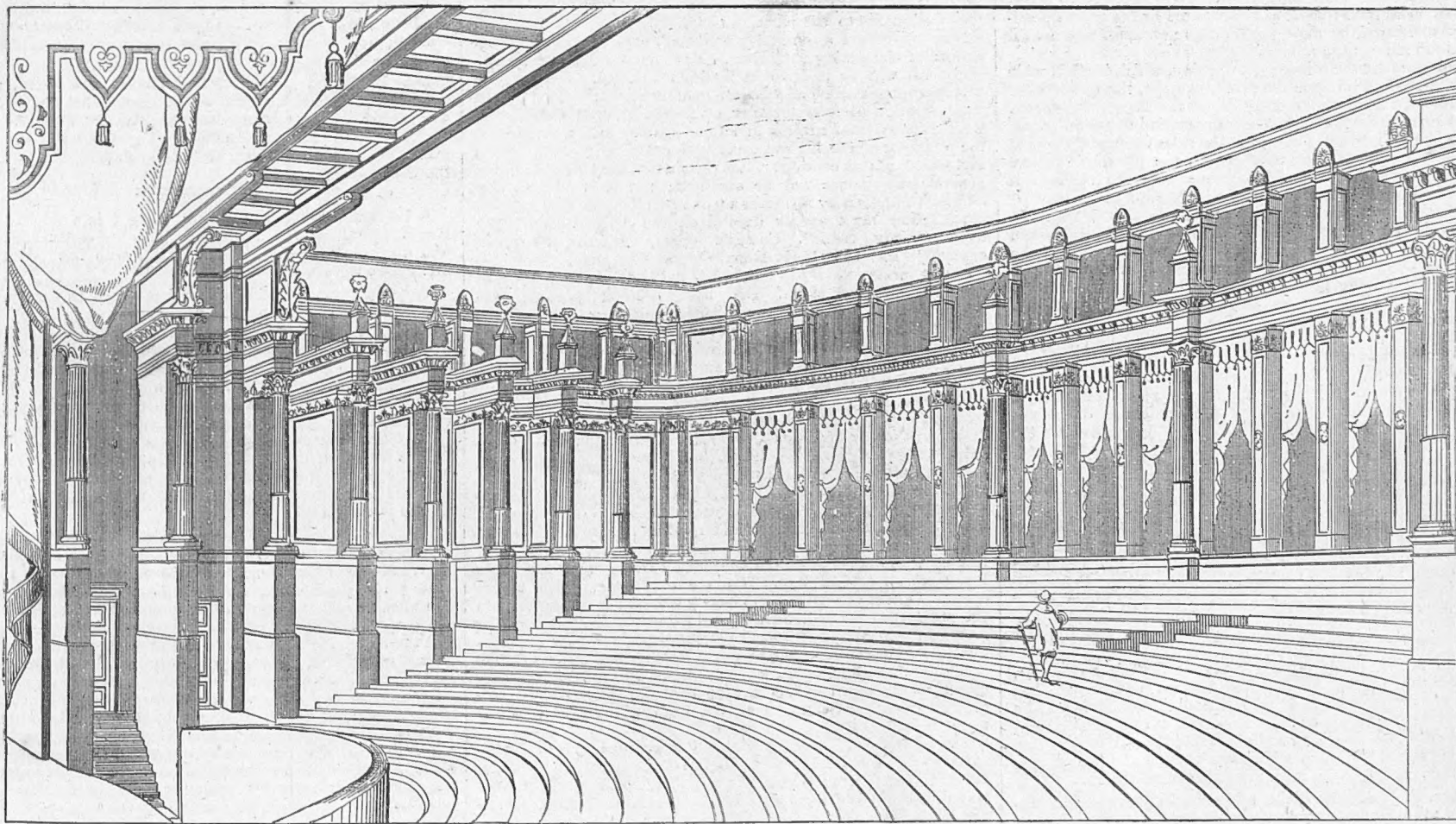


SECTION SHOWING THE AUDITORIUM, ORCHESTRA, AND "MYSTIC ABYSS," WITH THE FRONT, AND BACK, STAGE, ETC.

pute that the impression produced by the spectacular effects is greatly improved thereby; the mystery of the invisible may, moreover, to imaginative minds, lend an extra charm to the sound. Certainly the general verdict pronounced on the new system has been one of approval. It must be remembered, however, that the Bayreuth orchestra is unusually large and powerful, numbering 120 performers. "It appears to us," says the *Athenæum*, "that the position to which the band has been relegated tends

sometimes to weaken and subdue the body of sound, to the loss of some of those subtler tints which, by means of the varying *timbre* of the different instruments, may be imparted to orchestration. The alternations of *piano* and *forte* may be as marked and delicate as ever, but we miss something of the vividity and complexity of the colouring. The picture presented is perfect in light and shade, but more of a monochrome. The acoustic properties of the theatre appear to be excellent, and very novel and

striking is the *coup d'œil* afforded by this vast amphitheatre of rows of seats rising one above another, no inner walls at the sides, but openings as at the wings of the stage, separated by columns on high pilasters, supporting the roof. One tier of boxes at the back serves for the accommodation of the royal personages present; and crowned heads abound, the Emperor of Germany being conspicuous in the centre box. There is a gallery above this, to which those of the inhabitants of Bayreuth on



THE AUDITORIUM.—(From the Architect's Drawings.)

whom the artists are billeted have received admissions. The outer darkness into which the audience are plunged whilst the performance is proceeding, is another feature to be noted, and, though refreshing to the eyes, a trifle depressing in other respects, more especially as, during two-thirds of *Rheingold*, the stage was in semi-darkness itself.

Between the audience, the orchestra, and the stage is what Herr

Wagner calls "the Mystic Gulf," a space shown in our sectional illustration on above, shut in by a second proscenium, the purpose of which is to keep the audience at such a distance from the stage as shall help in giving reality to its mimic life; or, as Wagner says, to secure such a result that, "the picture recedes from the spectator as in a dream, the music issuing like a spirit voice from the 'mystic gulf,' or like the vapours rising from the

hallowed bosom of the earth beneath the Pythia's tripod, plunging his soul into a state of spiritualised second sight, wherein the scenic picture becomes a truthful image of real life."

The building of the theatre commenced as far back as 1870, its site being a gentle elevation called Nibelungen, distant about half a mile from Bayreuth in Bavaria, where Wagner resides in a villa of which we give a sketch upon another page.

A correspondent at Bayreuth furnishes the following interesting particulars. "A stroll along the fine chestnut walk of the Schloss Garten, an ascent laid out by the city as a contribution to the enterprise, brings you to the 'terraced' front of the great theatre, which is a rambling, no-style edifice, resembling rather two buildings, large and small, joined together, a single glance at which suffices to show that art has been sacrificed in the interests of stage requirements. The exterior is entirely subservient to the demands of the interior. Yet it is not so ugly as in the drawing it appears. Built of red brick, and not, as your contemporary the *Graphic* asserts, of stone, this prevailing colour is relieved by unburnt brick in chequered patterns encased in wooden framework of sober brown. The front part or auditorium is rather more ornamental than the rear, which towers above the rest, and furnishes the height necessary for the proper working of stage machinery, as will be shown by the section of the building made from the architect's drawings, page 517. Four tall towers flank the corners, accommodating 170 ft. above their foundations, as many water-tanks, always filled as precautions against fire.

"Entering, we find ourselves in an exceedingly plain auditorium, without galleries or boxes to break its regularity. The cane-seated chairs, large and comfortable, rise in thirty rows one above the other, as in an ancient amphitheatre, and are 1,350 in number. This part of the building, from floor to roof, is about 86 feet in height. The rear wall—that opposite the stage—is semicircular in form, and at each side is a granite stairway leading to the sole gallery the house contains, a gallery given up to those entitled to free seats, wives of artists, singers, &c. Below this gallery are the royal boxes, three in number, destined to serve the Emperor William, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, King Louis of Bavaria, and a host of lesser royalties. These boxes are the only places in the house that exhibit any luxuriance in fitting. The shape of the auditorium is that of an open fan, the small end near the stage, and the sides are both broken by six Corinthian columns, which serve to make the perspective perfect, taking the place of the usual tiers, and supporting the roof. The column furthest away from the stage is nearest the side wall, and has therefore the smallest wing. From the wall-end of the alcoves thus formed doors open to the *foyer* of the theatre. There is nothing in the way of superfluous ornamentation to distract attention from the stage. The decoration is artistically simple, light neutral tints prevailing. So as to better carry out the Greek idea of an open-air amphitheatre, the ceiling presents an excellent counterfeit of a great canvas stretched over the amphitheatre, towards the proscenium, where a patch of blue sky is apparently visible. The proscenium arch is perfectly plain, resting on two Corinthian columns; and the curtain that hangs beneath it is of matting woven in vertical stripes alternately light and dark, with a rich border in imitation of tapestry. It parts in the middle, and loops at each upper corner, framing the open stage in rich drapery.

Although the orchestra, as we have already said, is sunk from the sight of the audience, its director, Herr Richter, is in plain sight of the singers, as is shown in another of our sketches, and faces the men under his *bâton*. The shape of this orchestra—which is almost a hall in itself, for it seats 130 performers—is best compared to the sole of a lady's high-heeled shoe minus the heel, the toe part of the shape being well under the front of the stage. The musicians sit in ranks, and the sound is thrown first against the sounding-board, which divides the audience from the orchestra, as will be seen in both the sectional drawing and on page 517, thence to the back of the stage, whence it reaches the audience. The reason of these various divergences from precedent was stated in Wagner's speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the present structure, May 22, 1872: "You will perhaps miss with surprise the simple decorations with which festive halls used to be beautified. But then in the proportions and arrangements of the hall itself and the auditorium you will find a thought expressed which will establish between yourselves and the play you come to see a new relation, very different from that which previously existed. Should this effect be simply and completely produced, then the mysterious beginning of the music will prepare you for the unveiling and plain exposition of scenic paintings, which, appearing to come out of an ideal world of dreams, will acquaint you with the full reality of the ingenious deceptions whereof the art of painting is capable. Here nothing will even provisionally speak to you with mere hints; so far as is permitted by the artistic possibilities of the times, the most perfect representation will be set before you in scenic as in mimic play."

"Passing through the proscenium opening, which is 48 ft. wide and 45 ft. high, I stood upon the immense stage, 105 ft. wide and 90 ft. deep, with an extension of 48 ft. more. The roof above my head was composed apparently of a mazy myriad of ropes, sticks, pulleys, and canvases, and I could see the sides of some snow-clad hill in what seemed sad juxtaposition with the glowing interiors of princely palaces. In fact, above me were the pieces and sections forming flats and set pieces. A slight idea may be gained of the size of this confusion when I add that at Bayreuth nothing is done at the side of the stage, everything is worked from above or below. There is a height of 108 ft. from the stage to the flies, and the sides are occupied by five machine galleries, the first being 45 ft. from the boards. Outside there are three storeys, containing twenty-four dressing-rooms and two store-rooms for scenery. Beneath the stage is a depth of 40 ft., a descent to which discovers a most distressing labyrinth of ropes and traps and awkward elbowed joists that resemble a section of some universal motor. There are, in addition, two immense long wooden drums for working the machinery by means of steam, a steam-pump, and other requisites for the production of vapour, which in some portions of the "Nibelungen" drama covered the scene from sight, so that while the fleecy clouds were radiant with reflected coloured lights the transformation necessary to the story took place unseen. The steam, water, and gas fixtures cost a total of £18,000. The stage is lighted by 3,246 burners; the auditorium with 157, placed at the top of the Corinthian columns in clusters; and the rest of the house by 220. Much of the machinery is of the most novel and ingenious construction, and owes its origin to Wagner's energy, and Herr Brandt's skill. All these features, and others, will be readily recognised in our architectural plans and pictorial sketches.

THE late Alfred Diver, for many years a first-class cricketer, member of the United All England Eleven, and for the last twenty years professional to Rugby School, never having had a benefit match, his friends consider it proper that a subscription should be raised for his widow and nine children.—A subscription is also being raised for Thomas Hayward's widow and family, who are unfortunately left in the most indigent circumstances.

THE Rev. F. J. Aldrich Blake, a beneficed clergyman has suggested that the Home Secretary should order a commission to inquire into the law of the fisheries connected with the River Wye, many curious circumstances connected with which have been laid by Mr. Aldrich Blake before the right hon. gentleman. Mr. Cross has intimated his willingness to grant the proposed inquiry, which will be held before Lord Aberdeen at Ross on the 26th of September.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braids, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., in per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA PROSPECTUS.

MR. CARL ROSA has issued the prospectus of his ensuing season of English Opera at the Lyceum Theatre. It is customary to review the prospectuses issued annually by the managers of our two Italian Operas, and Mr. Rosa's prospectus is equally entitled to consideration. The performances of the Carl Rosa Company during its first season in London (in the autumn of last year) sufficed to show that English opera, when properly presented, may fairly compete with the more pretentious Italian operatic performances which are given at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. So much had been heard respecting the high quality of the Carl Rosa Company, that its London *début* at the Princess's Theatre, in September last, awakened lively interest in all classes of musical society, and the opening performance at once convinced all unprejudiced judges that the company was fully as good, and in some respects was better, than its foreign rivals. The opera was Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*; and the cast included Miss Rose Hersee (Susanna), Miss Torriani (The Countess), Miss Yorke (Cherubino), Mrs. Aynsley Cook (Marcellina), Mr. Campobello (The Count), Mr. Lyall (Basilio), Mr. Aynsley Cook (Bartolo), Mr. Arthur Howell (Antonio), and Mr. Santley (Figaro). The opera had been performed during the previous spring at each of our Italian Opera Houses, and there could be no room for doubt that the *ensemble* at the Princess's Theatre was by far the best that had been heard in London for a long time. Throughout the season the high reputation thus speedily gained was fully and honourably sustained, and during the last few weeks of the season the theatre was crowded every night. Since then the company have been performing in the provinces with great success, and have been occupied in the preparation of some interesting novelties, which are announced for production in the course of the ensuing season. There is no reason to doubt—but, on the contrary, there is every reason to believe—that the approaching performances will exhibit the same excellence of *ensemble* as heretofore. Mr. Rosa has gained the confidence of the public, but he is not the less likely to redouble his efforts to prove that it has been justly merited. Some months back we were authorised to publish the main outlines of the arrangements for the autumn opera season, and the announcements we then made have been embodied in the prospectus, with a few alterations and additions which certain exigencies have rendered desirable. A glance at the scheme of the season will, nevertheless, be not out of place.

The season will commence Monday, September 11th, with a performance of Cherubini's opera *Les Deux Journées*, under the English title of *The Water Carrier*. Both surprise and regret have been expressed at the non-performance of *The Marriage of Figaro* on the opening night. Not only was its performance on the opening night of last season brilliantly successful—stamping the company, at once, as of the highest quality—but no opera during the season proved so continuously attractive. Had the opera been chosen for the first night of the ensuing season it would have been a happy omen of success; and would have displayed the combined strength of the company to greater advantage than *The Water Carrier*. It may possibly have been found difficult to cast the former opera, but it is to be hoped that we shall have the pleasure of hearing it in the course of the season. Next to *The Marriage of Figaro* it would have been difficult to make a better choice than Cherubini's masterpiece, *The Water Carrier*. It may be remembered that it was produced quite at the end of the former season, and was so favourably received, that there seemed every reason to believe it would have attracted large audiences had it been possible to prolong the stay of the company in London. It will be sure to attract the *élite* of musical society, and can hardly fail to gratify the general public. The "early French" opera, which we announced is the *Foconde* of Nicolo Isouard, which has never yet been heard in England, but enjoys a traditional popularity in France. It is said that the English adaptation has been made by Mr. Santley, whose appearance in the new rôle of "Librettist" will be watched with much curiosity and interest. The next opera in the list of additions to the repertoire is Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which will be performed as originally produced, with spoken dialogue, instead of connecting recitatives. The important rôle of Fidelio (Leonora) will be undertaken by Miss Torriani. Her courage will be appreciated by all who are familiar with the magnificent impersonation of this character by Mdle. Titiens; and all will wish Miss Torriani success in an undertaking which might task the possessor of the highest vocal and dramatic powers. With Mr. Carl Rosa as conductor, it is certain that the *ensemble* of the general performance will be excellent; but it is obvious that although *Fidelio* is by no means a "one part" opera, its successful presentation must mainly depend on the prima donna. The third novelty is Mr. Cowen's opera, *Pauline*, composed expressly for the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Founded on the same story as Bulwer's popular *Lady of Lyons* (from which several of the best poetical portions are taken, and worked into the libretto, by permission of the present Lord Lytton), and yet in many respects entirely original, the opera has afforded a fruitful source of inspiration to Mr. Cowen; and if his brilliant antecedents may afford grounds for conjecture, *Pauline* will be a welcome addition to the scanty repertoire of English opera. The names invented by Bulwer will be preserved, and Claude will be impersonated by Mr. Santley. The fourth novelty will be Adolphe Adam's *Giralda*, never before performed in England. Produced in the year 1850, it has never ceased to retain the popularity it acquired on its first production; and is one of the best works of Boieldieu's best pupil. Richard Wagner's early opera *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Anglicised as *The Flying Dutchman*, will be an important feature in the list of novelties, and will be mounted in the most elaborate style. Mr. Santley will, of course, be the melancholy Dutchman. Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* is not exactly an addition to the repertoire of the company—who have performed it successfully in the provinces—but will be a revival for which Mr. Rosa will be thanked; particularly as it has been enriched by Sir Julius Benedict with some important additions, including a scena for Danny Mann (Mr. Santley), which will be awaited with interest. In addition to the seven operas already named, the repertoire of the company comprises eighteen operas, from which selections will be made in the course of the season.

The orchestra will be even finer and more numerous than that of last year. The leader will be Mr. J. T. Carrodus, leader at the Royal Italian Opera; leader of the ballet, Mr. Betjemann, who ably discharges the same function at the Royal Italian Opera; first viola, Mr. Zerbini; first violoncello, Mr. Edward Howell; first contrabasso, Mr. Howell, sen.; first flute, Mr. G. Wells; first oboe, Mr. Dubruq; with M.M. Snelling, Hutchings, Mann, Magrath, and other first-rate instrumentalists, as leaders of other departments. The military band will be that of the Coldstream Guards, under Mr. Fred Godfrey; the ballets will be directed by Mrs. Aynsley Cook; and the stage manager will be Mr. Arthur Howell, whose well-known ability will be put to the test in the production of the many new works above-named. The scenery will be painted by Mr. Hawes Craven, the new costumes are made by Mr. Stinchcomb, and the chorus will be prepared for

their duties by Mr. John Pew. The able and courteous Mr. Mac-laren resumes his post as acting manager, and, last, but by no means least, the musical director and conductor will be Mr. Carl Rosa, whom it would be superfluous to praise, and whose cultivated taste, conscientiousness, and energy are so well known, that his name is a guarantee for thoroughly artistic renderings of all operas performed under his direction.

A few remarks on the list of vocalists are all that need be added. Some well-known names, identified with English opera, are conspicuous by their absence; and it would seem that Mr. Rosa intends to rely less on his principal singers than on his band and chorus. The list of sopranos begins with the name of Mdle. Ida Corani, a young lady who sang successfully at several concerts during the past season, but who has yet to make a name in English opera. Miss Cora Stuart, a member of the company last autumn, is in the same position. Miss Warwick, Miss Thornton, and Miss Bertini are announced to make their "first appearance with this company." In what other operatic companies they have hitherto displayed their powers we cannot say, as, in fact, we confess to have been unaware of the existence of these young ladies, until their names appeared in the prospectus. Miss Gaylord, a pleasing actress, who made a favourable impression in secondary parts last year, will no doubt again be useful in the same line; but is not likely ever to be available for important rôles. The list of sopranos concludes with the name of Miss Torriani, who was favourably received last year, in spite of her broken English, and upon whom the weight of the soprano music must chiefly rest. Miss Yorke and Miss Franklin resume their posts as first and second contraltos; Mrs. Aynsley Cook takes "old women's" parts, and Miss Graham the comprimarie. The tenors are headed by Mr. Nordblom. Mr. Percy Blandford makes "his first appearance in this company," and we hope that his experience in the other (unnamed) company may have qualified him for the duties of a first tenor, as we hear that he has been gifted by nature with an excellent voice. Mr. J. W. Turner's vocal qualifications are well known, and Mr. Charles Lyall's name gives strength to the company. The list of tenors closes with the name of Mr. Packard, who showed last season that he was the possessor of a fine voice, but was inexperienced as an actor; he has now had considerable further experience and practice, and is not likely to stand in need of the indulgence which was accorded to him a year ago. The baritones and basses are headed by Mr. F. H. Celli, who has merited that position by earnest and successful study, and has been a leading favourite during the recent provincial tour of the company. Mr. Ludwig's excellent singing and acting last season were highly praised in our columns; Mr. Stevens has a fine bass voice; Mr. Aynsley Cook's artistic qualities render him invaluable in such a company; and Mr. Arthur Howell is always efficient in second bass parts. The list closes with Mr. Santley, who during the last twenty years has worthily sustained the reputation of English vocal art; it is evident that he will be the chief vocal attraction of the season.

It will be seen that, unless some of the new comers should develop unexpected ability, the success of the season will depend on the general merits of each performance, and that (with the exception of Mr. Santley) the attractions of popular vocalists are ignored. Everyone will be glad to see the "star system" abolished; but it seems somewhat hazardous to neglect the fact that English audiences think more of the singers than of the band. Mr. Carl Rosa is, however, a good tactician, and, no doubt, sees his way clearly enough. Every wellwisher of English opera will feel bound to help him, and will join in hearty wishes for his success during the coming season.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts have thus far been uninterruptedly successful. We are glad to say that the directors and conductor have done their best to mitigate the encore nuisance, of which we recently complained; and on Saturday last Signor Arditi fought hard against the demand for repetition of Gounod's picturesque "Funeral March of a Marionette." Mr. Henri Ketten, whose popularity has become very great, was encored after playing Weber's "Concert Stück," and gave his own brilliant and poetical "Ronde des Djinnis." Last Wednesday was the first "Mendelssohn Night," and last night the first "Gounod Night." Mdle. Bianchi has been suffering from slight indisposition; she will remain as prima donna until the arrival of Madame Rose Hersee. Madame Bentham-Fernandez, Signor Gianini, and Signor Medica also remain. Herr Wilhelmj will appear on September 16.

Mr. De Yong, the celebrated flautist and director of the excellent Orchestral Concerts at Manchester, has had the honour of giving a special performance "by Royal Command" before His Majesty the King of Holland; who has marked his appreciation of Mr. De Yong's rare abilities by making him a Knight of the Golden Crown.

A LOBSTER, weighing 10½ lb was caught in a net off the Stack Rocks, near Tenby, on Thursday. This fine crustacean specimen was purchased by Dr. J. Griffith Lock, who has forwarded it to Mr. Frank Buckland.

WHEN a "meet" of bicycle riders—such as that which assembled at Hampton Court the other day—is found capable of mustering seven hundred and fifty machines all told, representing probably a money value of no less than fifteen thousand pounds, it is no longer possible to shut one's eyes to the fact that bicycling has become a great national pastime. Hardly a country town is now without a bicycle club; and in the suburbs of cities they abound, for the bicyclist, as the great "meets" sufficiently attest, is essentially gregarious. There is in most clubs a recognised uniform, or at least a badge of distinction. At Upton, a few days since, the inhabitants were astonished by the presence of about a dozen firemen, in full uniform and speed, mounted on bicycles on their way to put out a fire.

At Lillie Bridge, on Monday evening last, the trotting match of two miles between Mr. David Allen's Miss Lydia and Mr. E. Webling's Norah, the latter (who stands 14 hands 2 in.) conceding 150 yards start, came off; both animals having gained considerable notoriety in the trotting world, the match evoked somewhat unusual interest. A capital start was effected at the first attempt. Norah, however, almost stood still to begin with, so that Miss Lydia considerably increased her lead, and when the first lap had been completed had nearly a hundred yards to the good, independent of her original start; whilst, negotiating the nasty turns much better than Norah, Gigney had nothing to do but to sit still and pull, as the little mare was wonderfully full of "go." Thus early it became apparent that there was "only one in it," and so satisfied was one well-known owner of trotters as to the result that he instantly shouted "100 to 1 on Miss Lydia!" who kept on pegging away at about the same rate as that at which she started, and when the first mile had been covered, in 3 min. 2 sec., was quite 300 yards in front. Continuing her journey in a very easy fashion, she kept about that distance in advance until the last lap, when Mr. Allen advised his jockey to "ease up," so that Miss Lydia ultimately won by something over 200 yards, her time for the two miles being 6 min. 45 sec., whilst Norah's time was 7 min. 10 sec. There was but little wagering on the result. At first, slight odds were laid on Norah, but just prior to the start the knowing division laid 5 and 6 to 4 on Miss Lydia. Mr. Charles Conquest, of the *Sporting Life*, officiated as referee and time-keeper.

MONTHLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

J. B. CRAMER and Co., 201, Regent-street, W., publish "Fond Memories," a song, written by Mary Ross, and composed by L. C. Shaw. The melody is graceful and expressive. The words exhibit poetical feeling, imperfectly expressed, but poetical license can scarcely be permitted to excuse such rhymes as the following:

"And quiet eve comes stealing on
... Waiting the morrow's dawn to come."

"An old story," by the same composer, is a setting of two charming stanzas by Gerald Massey. The composer has failed to do them justice. His music is harsh, crude, and devoid of sympathetic feeling; while by no means satisfactory so far as the laws of composition are concerned.

DUFF AND STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W. "The river and the Rose" is a song, written by H. F. Duncan, and composed by J. L. Roeckel. The words are far above the average of modern lyrical poetry, and the music is the best that Mr. Roeckel has written up to this time. Melody is abundant. The rippling semi-quaver accompaniment is appropriate and effective; and the changes of key, which give variety and relief, are produced by agreeable modulations. The compass is from B below the staff to C, 3rd space; and "The River and the Rose," which ought to obtain a wide popularity, will be prized by contraltos, mezzo-sopranos, and baritones, whether professional or amateur. We have not seen so good a song for a long time. "Gone to their rest," by the same composer, is a setting of some poor lines by F. E. Weatherly. Whether it be true that "all the best and brave" have "gone to their rest," we take leave to doubt. Mr. Roeckel's inspiration has been damped by the wet blanket of Mr. Wetherly's rhymed prose, and the music of the song is neither original nor pleasing. "Absence" is a setting, by Miss Penna, of some lines by J. Alexander. As a specimen of the incomprehensible twaddle which too often takes the place of lyric poetry, we quote the first quatrain.

"When I from thee am far away,
With heart by grief oppress;
When surges rise both night and day,
Nor eue on shore can rest," (&c., &c.)

Miss Penna could not be expected to invent successful music to words like these. She has done her best; but will probably do much better hereafter. "Love me still" is a song written by Agnes Trevor, composed by Mrs. J. H. Andrews. The words are passably good; the music cannot be commended, the melody being common-place, and the harmony and modulations defective. "Cleopatra," a grand march, by E. L. Hime, is an effective pianoforte solo, and by no means difficult. A new set of "Caledonians," by Mr. Chas. Coote, is a simple but effective arrangement of Scotch melodies for dancing purposes.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners-street, W., publishes four pianoforte solos. "Tancredi" is a brilliant transcription of "Di tanti palpiti," and other themes from Rossini's opera, by J. Leybach, who has produced a really "brilliant" and masterly pianoforte solo, of moderate length, and not too difficult for amateurs in general. "La Perle du Rivage" is a value brillante, by E. Nollet. It is a showy pianoforte piece, in which all modes of treating waltz phrases are utilised, and it has the advantage of being available for dancing purposes. The "Verbena" valse de salon, by W. Smallwood, is simpler in construction, and would be found useful for teaching purposes. "En Avant!" described as a "Morceau Brillant," by J. Winkelhaus, is an effective gallop, and, at the same time, a bright pianoforte solo.

WILLIAM REEVES, 185, Fleet Street, publishes an "Ave Maria," composed by Isidore de Lara. It is full of devotional feeling, sympathetically and gracefully expressed. The crotchet, page 2, bar 9, requires a prefatory flat, which may easily be added.

THE COMPOSERS' PUBLISHING COMPANY, 46, Leicester Square, have published "School Board Songs," composed by François de Yrigoyti, by whom many of the songs are also written; others being selected from the works of Longfellow, &c. The words, in almost all instances, inculcate valuable moral lessons. The tunes are pretty and catching, and are simply harmonised for three voices. These "School Board Songs" meet an acknowledged want, and deserve the recognition of the authorities to whom they appeal.

CHAPPELL AND CO., 50, New Bond Street, W., have recently published the lecture on "Medical Science, in relation to the voice, as a musical instrument," delivered by Mr. Lennox Browne before the Musical Association in June last. In a small space it contains a wonderful amount of information on the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs; conveyed in a simple and unaffected style. All vocal students, whether professional or amateur, should study this valuable little brochure.

THE REQUISITES OF GOOD ACTING.—Fanny Kemble, in the *Atlantic*, says: "It appears to me that the two indispensable elements of good acting are a certain amount of poetical imagination and a power of assumption, which is a good deal the rarer gift of the two; in addition to these, a sort of vigilant presence of mind is necessary, which constantly looks after and avoids or removes the petty obstacles that are perpetually destroying the imaginary illusion, and reminding one in one's own despite that one is not really Juliet or Belvidera. The curious part of acting, to me, is the sort of double process which the mind carries on at once, the combined operation of one's faculties, so to speak, in diametrically opposite directions; for instance, in that very last scene of Mrs. Beverley, while I was half dead with crying in the midst of the real grief, created by an entirely unreal cause, I perceived that my tears were falling like rain all over my silk dress and spoiling it; and I calculated and measured most accurately the space that my father would require to fall in, and moved myself and my train accordingly in the midst of the anguish I was to feign, and absolutely did endure. It is this watchful faculty (perfectly prosaic and common-place in its nature), which never deserts me while I am uttering all the exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while I feel as if my own soul was on my lips, and my colour comes and goes with the intensity of the sentiment I am expressing; which prevents me from falling over my train, from setting fire to myself with the lamps placed close to me, from leaning upon my canvas balcony when I seem to throw myself all but over it. In short, while the whole person appears to be merely following the mind, in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it; and while representing things absolutely imaginary, they are taking accurate cognizance of every real surrounding object that can either assist or mar the result they seek to produce. This seems to me by far the most singular part of the process, which is altogether a very curious and complicated one."

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations, I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with cost against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—119, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advrt.]

THE DRAMA.

This week, the dullest, and nearly the last, of the theatrical recess, has been relieved by two events, separately noticed below. The production by Mr. J. A. Cave, at the Globe, the scene of Miss Jenny Lee's deeply touching impersonation of Jo, of another adaptation of *Bleak House*, by W. G. Lander, entitled for difference, *Poor Jo*; and of an amusing comedieta called *A Race for a Wife*, as a *lever de rideau* to *Arrah na Pogue* at the Adelphi.

The only other changes in the theatres now open, being at the National Standard, where Mrs. Rousby has appeared during the week as the Princess Elizabeth, in *Twixt Axe and Crown*, transferred for the first time to the east end; and at the Criterion, where Miss E. Duncan has returned, and resumed her rôle in *The Great Divorce Case*.

To-night the first symptoms of returning vitality in the theatrical world will be visible at the Gaiety, where two novelties, both by Mr. H. J. Byron will be produced in succession to *All for Her*, the representations of which terminated last night. A farcical drama, or rather a farce in three acts, entitled *The Bull by the Horns*, in which the principal characters will be sustained by Mr. Byron, his first appearance at this theatre, Miss E. Farren, Mrs. Leigh, and Messrs. Soutar, Maclean, and Royce; and a new burlesque of the old-fashioned type, founded on *Maritana*, and called *Little Don César de Bazan*, supported by Mr. E. Terry and Miss Kate Vaughan, their first appearances here, Miss E. Farren, Miss West, Mr. Royce, &c.

To-night, also, The Girards, a clever trio of fantastic dancers, in the style of the Majiltons, will make their first appearance in London, at the Alhambra.

Next Saturday, the 2nd September, the Haymarket re-opens, with Mr. J. S. Clarke as Doctor Pangloss in *The Heir-at-Law*, and Major de Boots in *The Widow Hunt*. These will be repeated for seven evenings only, previous to the production, Monday, the 11th September, of Mr. Gilbert's new play, the title of which has been altered from *Abel to Dan'l Druce*, and in which Miss Marian Terry and Messrs. Hermann Vezin and Howe appear in the leading characters.

On the following Saturday, the 9th September, Miss Helen Barry opens the Court Theatre, for a short season, with a new drama, entitled *Ethel's Revenge*, in which she will sustain the principal character.

The Queen's Theatre re-opens on Saturday, the 16th September, under the management of Mr. John Coleman, with a revival of Shakspeare's play of *Henry the Fifth*, preceded by a prologue taken from the second part of *Henry the Fourth*. The leading parts in this revival will be sustained by Mr. Phelps and Mr. Coleman.

On the following Monday, the 18th September, Mr. Broekman opens the Duke's Theatre with a combination of dramatic and equestrian performances.

Mr. Chatterton commences his dramatic season at Drury Lane on Saturday, the 23rd September, with a revival of Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, in which Mr. Barry Sullivan will make his first appearance since his return from America, as the Duke of Gloster, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin will also appear as Queen Elizabeth.

GLOBE THEATRE.

THE multiplicity of incidents and characters abounding in the late Charles Dickens's novels has always proved an insuperable difficulty in transferring them, in their entirety, to the stage, so that the adaptor has been necessarily compelled to select some leading episode and attending incidents immediately connected therewith, to comply with the exigencies of stage representation. *Bleak House* forms no exception to the rule, and the dramatic version by Mr. Burnett, produced at this house in February last, under the title of *Jo*, was confined to the episode in which the poor street arab was the principal figure; Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, Tulkinghorn, Guppy, the Snagsbys, Esther, Hortense, the French Abigail, and other characters introduced from the novel, being merely accessory—consequently it made no pretension to anything like an adequate stage adaptation of the novel, nor, indeed, to a consistent and complete drama. It was, however, immensely successful, owing, principally, to the intensely touching and perfectly artistic impersonation of the ragged crossing-sweeper, Jo, by Miss Jennie Lee, who subsequently continued her triumph when the piece was transferred to the Royal Aquarium Theatre. Two of the other characters were, also, admirably represented: Bucket, the detective, by Mr. J. P. Burnett, and Hortense, by Miss Dolores Drummond. Induced, doubtless by the success which attended this production, Mr. J. A. Cave, who is now in temporary occupation of this theatre, brought out, on Saturday night, another version of the same novel, adapted by Mr. George Lander, under the title of *Poor Jo*, a proceeding at which Mr. Edgar Bruce, who brought out the former version, and intends reproducing it at this theatre next month, naturally took umbrage. Into this quarrel it is not our province to enter, it being a personal matter between the two managers, with which the public have little concern, beyond stating that Mr. Cave, in a printed address, disclaims any intention of interfering with or damaging Mr. Bruce's project of reproducing his successful version of *Bleak House*, by bringing out at a west-central theatre *Poor Jo*, which had been already successfully represented at the Marylebone, and is now being performed in the provinces. Mr. Lander's drama of *Poor Jo*, though in four acts, differs but little from Mr. Burnett's version. It embraces somewhat more of the story of Lady Dedlock and her shame, but still the street vagrant Joe is the leading central figure. The scenes follow nearly the same sequence, opening with the scene in Snagsby's office; then the inquest; followed by the relation of the ghost legend by the old housekeeper, and the apparition; Jo's crossing, in St. James's Street; the interview between Lady Dedlock and Jo, and the latter acting as her guide to the burial-ground; the subsequent recognition by Jo, of Hortense, disguised in Lady Dedlock's habiliments, and the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn by Hortense, in the drawing-room at Chesney Wold. It may be here stated that the principal difference between the two versions takes place in this scene, where Hortense appears disguised as the spectre, and assassinates Tulkinghorn. The last act is taken up with the persecution, sufferings, and death of "poor Jo." The cast of the characters is nearly the same as that of the Marylebone, to which it would be more germane than to the present locale: Miss Jessie Garrett has bestowed evident care and study on the interpretation of "poor Jo," but it was wanting in the chief element of pathos, and from a prevailing monotony failed to move the sympathies of the audience. Miss Page was stately and dignified as Lady Dedlock, and Miss Marian Lacy was a forcible and somewhat too melodramatic Made-moiselle Hortense. Bucket and Mr. Tulkinghorn were represented satisfactorily enough by Messrs. F. Shepperd and Frank Huntley. Guppy found an extravagant exponent in Mr. George Skinner. Mr. Henry Leigh bore patiently the jeers called forth by the sanctimonious preachings of the terrible nuisance, Chadband, and the henpecked Snagsby was characteristically sustained by Mr. W. H. Day.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Mr. Boucicault's Irish drama *Arrah-na-Pogue*, recently revived here with considerable success, is now preceded by a comedieta entitled *A Race for a Wife* brought out on Saturday evening. Without much claim to originality, the little piece is lively and amusing, with the additional merit of brevity. Sir Peckham and Lady Wry quarrel over the choice of a husband for their daughter Isabella, for whose hand three brothers named Green are, unknown to each other, aspirants; much hilarity is produced by the complexities and mistakes which ensue from the confusion of the three Greens: the father and mother favouring their own respective selection, assuming him to be the identical Mr. Green of Isabella's choice, until the illusion is dispelled, when the three brothers appear and the young lady points out the "Green" of her choice. The little trifle is well acted by Mr. F. Moreland and Miss Cicely Mott as the hot tempered couple Sir Peckham and Lady Wry, Miss E. Phillips as the daughter, and Messrs. Everard, Travers, and Vaughan, as the triad of Greens.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

DEAR SIR,—Oblige me by contradicting the paragraph that appeared in your paper last Saturday, stating that other parties are, or will be, connected with me in the responsible management of the Haymarket Theatre next season. This is not the fact; I am and have been sole Lessee for twenty-three years, and although I have occasionally sub-let the theatre, yet from the first of next October, I shall be quite alone in its management.—Faithfully yours,
J. B. BUCKSTONE.

Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Aug. 22, 1876.

MR. BUCKSTONE IN 1823.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In "Answers to Correspondents" in "The Drama" magazine, January 1, 1823, I find the following: "Mr. Buckstone's pieces have really a great deal of merit, but on the whole are hardly finished enough for public inspection; we think he had better try once more."

Fifty-three years having elapsed, one would terribly like to know what was the effusion giving rise to the above notice.

YOKEL.

THE CART HORSES' APPEAL.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—We the undersigned, humbly implore you to help to deliver us from the misery that we, through the ignorance of the men of Birmingham, are enduring. If we knew more of the ways of trade we should strike at once, but we are too much in the power of our masters to be able to co-operate in any movement that might be for our relief.

Our business is to drag heavy loads of coal, gravel, brick, stone, timber and other weighty materials, but of this we do not complain, as we are willing to work honestly for our living. All that we ask is that whilst we are doing our best to serve our masters on our part, they on their part shall release us from the cruel torture of the bearing Rein. You well know Mr. Editor how useless it is, and what terrible suffering it inflicts upon us and how many evils it entails; lessening our strength in drawing, bringing disease upon us, and causing us to become irritable and restless.

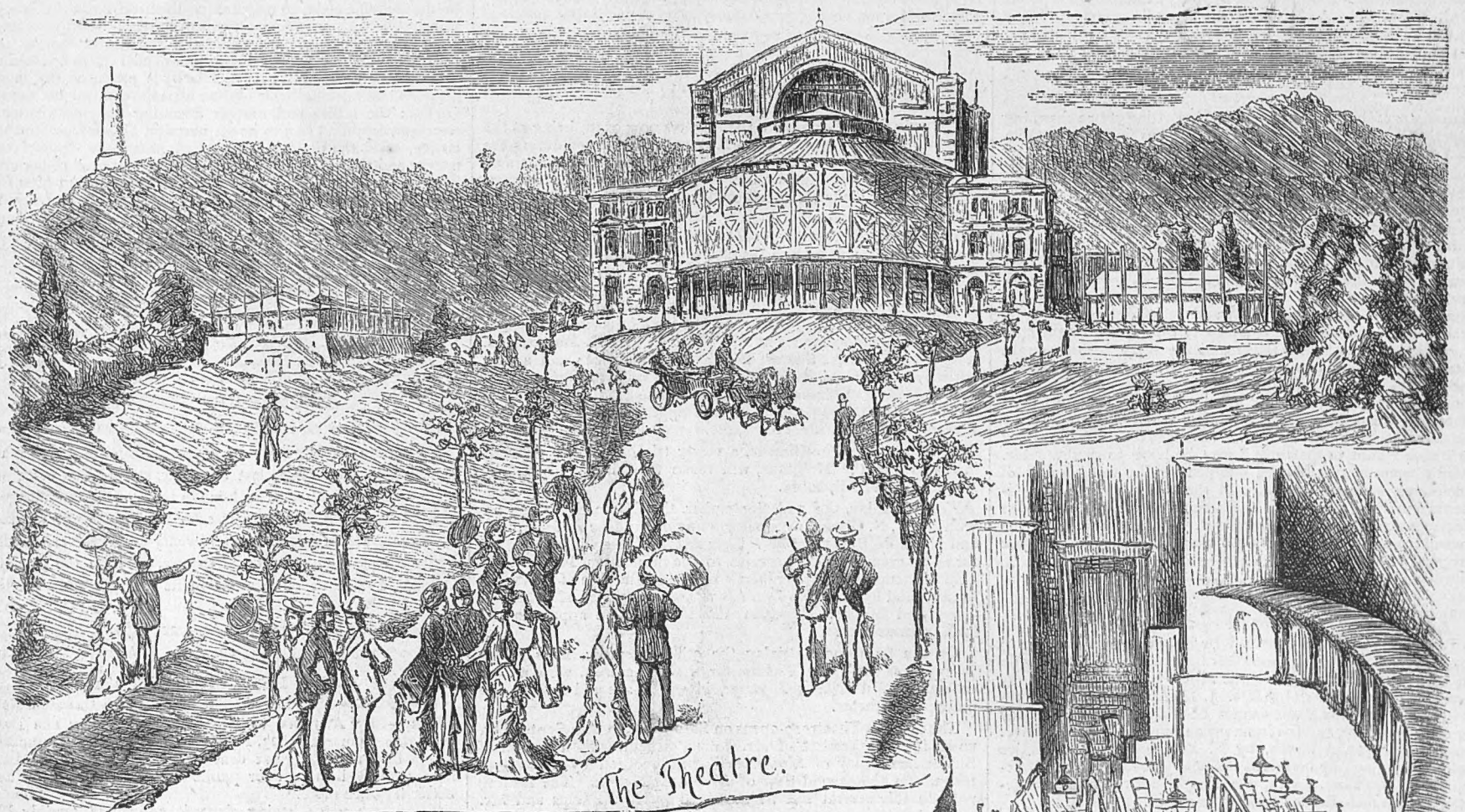
Will you not advocate our cause with our masters. It is not that they are hard-hearted, but they are ignorant of the cruelty they are committing, and indeed they do not believe in it; moreover they deliver us to the mercies of ignorant drivers, who believe that the tighter they fasten the bearing-rein the less chance there is of our stumbling, and so we plod our weary way in agony.

There are, I am happy to say, honourable exceptions amongst our masters, some of whom have relieved our more fortunate brethren in their employ from the bearing-rein torture. But there are still a greater number of us who languish under the dreadful evil, and we beg of you to take up our cause, and by so doing you will win the everlasting gratitude of, sir,—Your most obedient servants,
THE CART HORSES OF BIRMINGHAM.

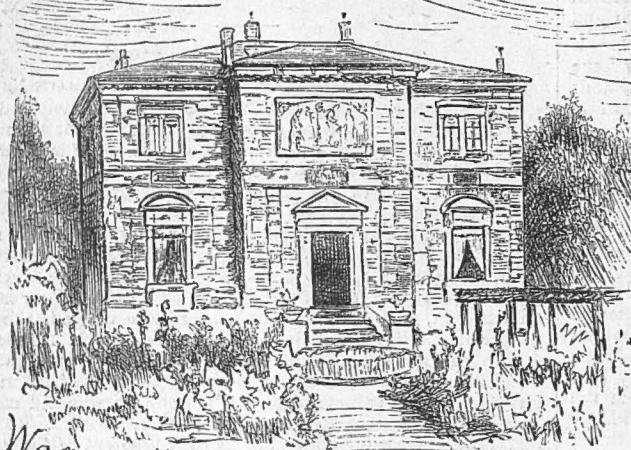
THE annual Horticultural Fête and Poultry and Pigeon Show took place in Goldwell Park, Newbury, on Tuesday.

ON Monday last the Barnsley Queen's Grounds Horse and Pony Races were revived, after a lapse of several years. There was a very large attendance, it being Barnsley Feast. The Corporation Stakes, for Hunters, brought out five runners, was run in two heats, both being won by Mr. Helliwell's Leopard, whilst the Ladies' Purse, for ponies not exceeding 14 hands, was won by Mr. Dixon's Creeping Willey, who beat Tommy in two successive heats.

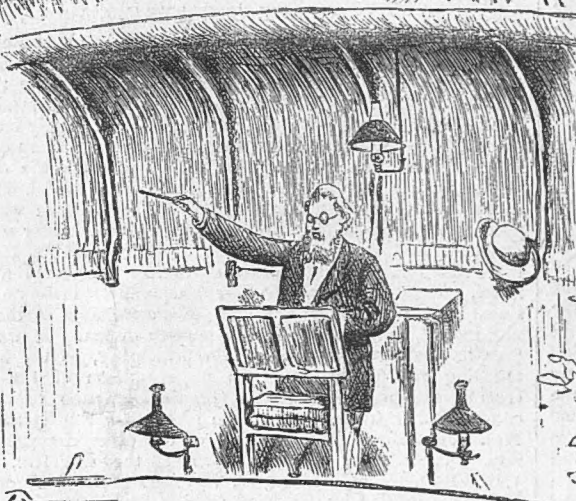
FROM an American magazine we cull the following:—Disquisitions about colour are as old as the time of English Eclipse. Nobody ever suggested that he was not got by Marske until after he had won transcendent fame. Then they said that he was got by Shakespeare, and cited his chestnut colour, white leg, and blaze in the face to prove it. So with Dexter. Nobody ever questioned his being got by Hambletonian until he had shown that as a trotter there had never been his equal before—that he was, as Hiram Woodruff declared to us while he was yet unknown to fame, the King of the tribe. But then it was suddenly discovered, by means of his white legs and blaze, that he was a son of Harry Clay, and an accommodating person was found to swear to it. Only a little while ago there was a strong prejudice against chestnut horses got by Lexington and Leamington. When Captain Moore bought Foster, Master M'Grath admired his shape and lineage, but made loud lament over the fact that he was a chestnut. When Harry Bassett was engaged in the Belmont Stakes, plenty of the followers of this tradition laid against him because he was a chestnut. Yet look at his performances, with those of Foster, Wanderer, Acrobat, etc. The tradition which came from England with Leamington was that whenever he got a chestnut it was a bad one, and some insisted that Olitipa and the Red Horse could not be good after they had won the best and fastest two-year-old races ever run in America. The best horses, far and away, which proceeded from Messenger were his grandson, American Eclipse, and that horse's son, Medoc. They were both chestnuts. Therefore, we conclude that his descent from Messenger did not prevent Hambletonian from getting chestnuts, and very likely if he had got some they would have been capital horses. Very few first-class horses of any colour are got by any stallion, compared with his middling and inferior ones. Lexington made many failures, and Hambletonian many more. As for Bellfounder, he made nothing else.



The Theatre.



Wagner's House.



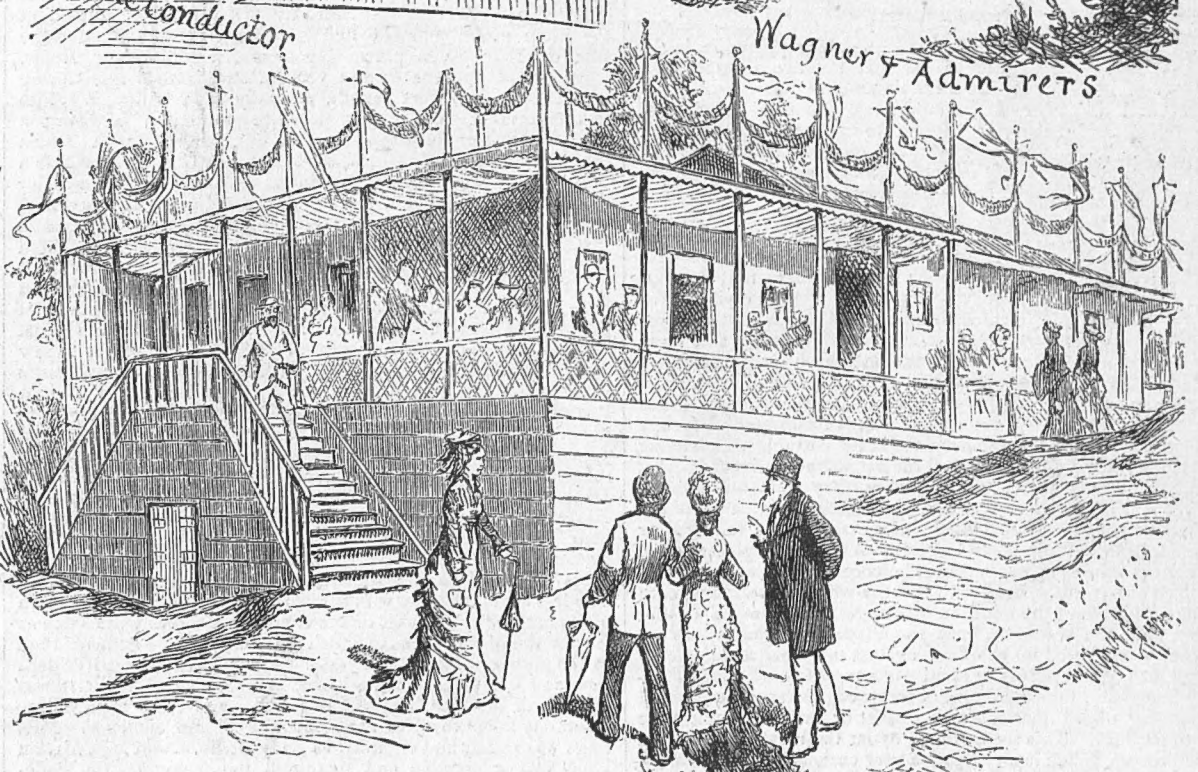
The Conductor



Wagner & Admirers



Wagner at a Rehearsal.



Theatre Restaurant.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

HERR WAGNER, the great German musical composer, has now carried out the grand scheme which he has been so many years maturing, and which is, he believes, destined to reveal the true mission of dramatic opera. Finding all modern theatres incomplete and unfit for his purpose, he has erected a new one, widely differing from them, at Nibelungen, of which we in this number give plans, sections, and pictorial views. Herein he hopes to establish that long-talked-of school for the promotion of a National German Opera, based upon a distinctly dramatic basis, which he terms "the music-drama of the future." It is his mission, as his enthusiastic disciples believe, to purify the vitiated taste of modern opera, and he is also determined to curb the license and extravagance of the present "star" system, suppress that mania for personal applause which vulgarises the singer and lowers the art, and bring about other reforms in different phases of theatrical management for the refinement and elevation of both music and the stage. Another purpose Herr Wagner has in view is emancipation from the tyranny of rhymed verse, and the dramatic advantages which follow when the action has not to be stopped until tonic and dominant have had their due. But, asks a contemporary, is this tyranny so offensive and destructive to art? Let any unprejudiced musician look at (to take modern examples, and leave Beethoven, Mozart, Cherubini, &c., alone) the third act of *Faust*. In place of rhymed stanzas, Herr Wagner gives us a very monotonous alliterative measure without rhyme; but when Wotan has eighty lines to sing—as he has in the second act of the *Walküre*—what advantage is gained by avoiding rhymes? All operas containing recitative, and dramatic passages can thus be carried on, if it be necessary that characters constantly answer each other, but surely rhyme and rhythmical melodies worked to a fair end need not be excluded. With regard to the combination of voices, Herr Wagner is not true to his own principles. The Rhine daughters and Norns occasionally sing in unison; and, if this be admitted, why may not choruses be introduced at intervals to relieve the monotony of declamatory recitative?

Are we for the sake of this series of shouts to give up the chorus of prisoners in *Fidelio*? Must tales of human love, sorrow, and chivalry be put aside for ever, while we follow the proceedings of lascivious gods and malignant demons? Shall *Faust* make way for Siegfried with his dancing bear and pantomimic dragon, Figaro yield his place to the vicious dwarf Mime? Is the single-minded and self-sacrificing courage of Raoul de Nangis to be succeeded by the horrible licentiousness of such a monster as Siegmund, the hero of the *Walküre*; and shall the maunderings of Wotan be accepted on any terms? A thousand times—no. The *Ring des Nibelungen* has been heard and fairly judged; but if its heroes are to be admired, its outrages to harmony—such as surely have never been wrought before—held up as examples, the teaching of the great masters is wasted, and "chaos is come again."

None the less beautiful have been parts of the great performance. The second act of *Siegfried* will never be forgotten by those who have seen it—and who would gladly forget much that they have heard. The whole act is a symphony on Nature such as could have been written by none but a mighty master of his art. The forest gradually wakes to life as the sun faintly gleams through the boughs, and when it has slowly risen and shimmers on the crags and moss-grown stones, exquisite melodies overwhelm the senses with delight. The weird and unearthly chorus of *Wal-küren* in the third act of the same work is also full of extraordinary power; and musical gems glitter again and again in their ugly settings. There is also a wonderful individuality in the music. That which follows the career of Siegfried is full of warmth and life, that of the Rhine daughters is generally very graceful, the developments of the "Nothing motif" is bold and chivalrous, the phrases which accompany Wotan are extremely heavy and dull, those allotted to the Nibelungen are harsh, disagreeable, and monotonous, and those with reference to the giants lumbering and clumsy.

At the close of the four days' performance a banquet was held, at which Herr Wagner delivered a speech, saying that he had been misunderstood in many ways. He never meant to say that Germany had no art till now, but that he wished to represent at Bayreuth a newly modified art. The French and Italians each had a national art, while the Germans hitherto had nothing equivalent in a national sense. After expressing his sincere thanks

"Q" ON LORD BEACONSFIELD.

AFTER forty years, the name Disraeli disappears in honour from our Parliamentary records. Having had, during a quarter of a century, affectionate esteem for the man as well as the politician, one may be permitted to express gratification that one's feelings are now shared by all. To me, it is no surprise that he, who, as a new member, was refused a hearing by the House of Commons, goes to the House of Lords Leader of the nation, and applauded by his countrymen without distinction of party. Those who remember the violent and virulent abuse and slander to which in years past he was subjected, not only by his opponents, but by Tory organs in the press, cannot help smiling at the universal chorus of congratulations with which his translation to the Upper House has been greeted. One prominent Opposition paper describes him who used to be "an Ishmaelite" and "an alien" as "the most English of statesmen;" one maintains that he is himself what he describes another to have been, "the best member of Parliament that ever lived;" and one predicts that "so long as he lives there is every probability of his continuing at the head of affairs."

What discoveries are being made at the present moment!

If the stars in their course have fought for the great Leader whom the House of Commons has just lost, those excellent celestial luminaries, it must be confessed, showed proper discretion in the selection of their protégé.

Finis coronat opus! The end crowns the work! Mr. Disraeli's career has benefited humanity, inasmuch as it has shown what patience and perseverance united to genius can accomplish. The high-bred gentleman who enters the Upper House as Earl of Beaconsfield may, moreover, boast what few who have been "elevated" under such circumstances are able to. He has never made an enemy of a friend. Most of us will recollect how Lord John Russell more than once turned round upon his colleague, Lord Palmerston, and how, in revenge, Lord Palmerston repaid the compliment by turning round upon Lord John Russell. But we have the testimony of the late Lord Derby—and he was one who knew what honour is—that, during the long period he and Mr. Disraeli had political relationship, he had never found another man with such chivalrous notions of political honour.

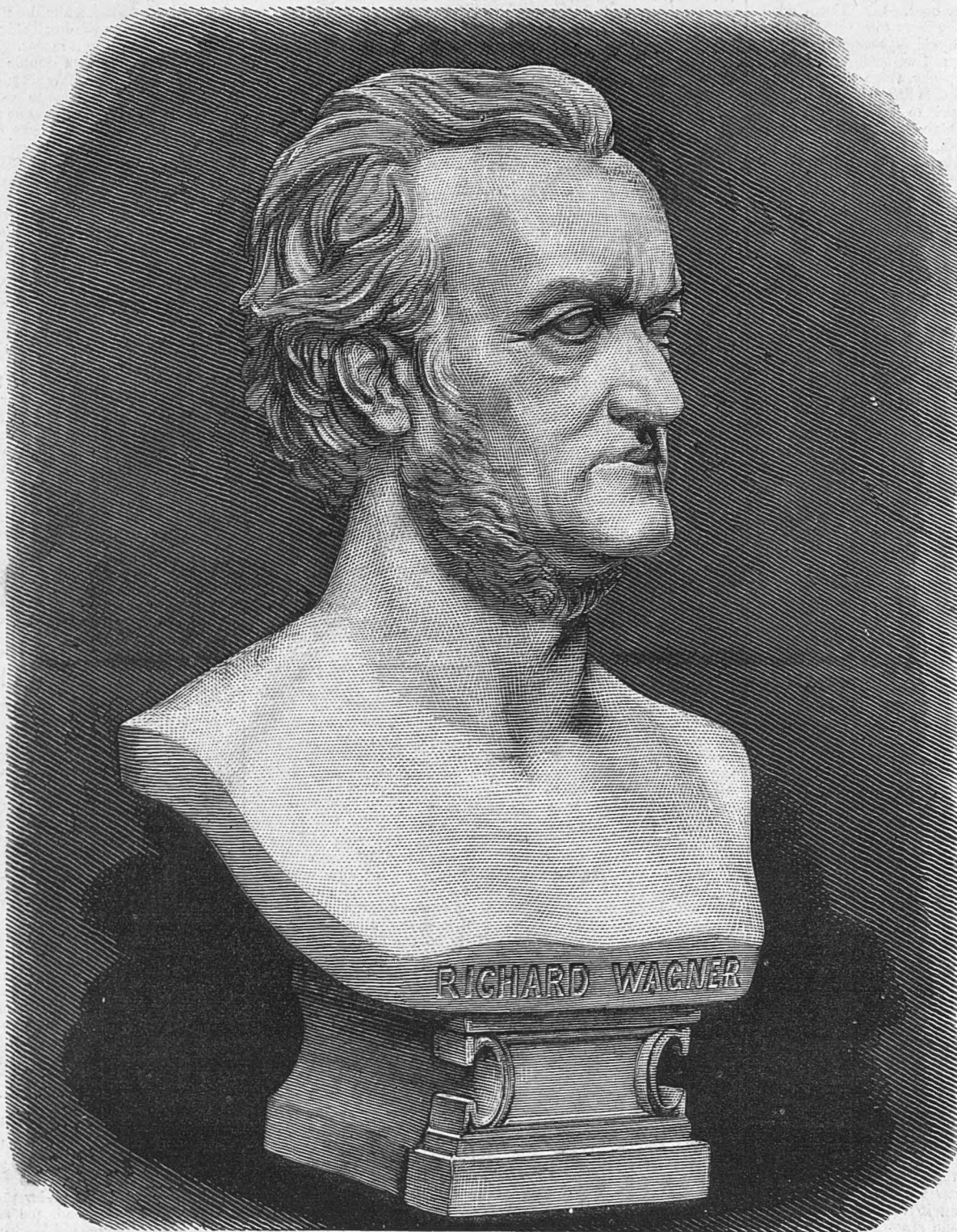
Nor does Mr. Disraeli leave his party disabled by the step he has taken. There are unmistakable signs that the country has confidence in the

Cabinet. It seems to me that the only party now existing, is the party of England headed by Mr. Disraeli.

Caps off for the new Earl of Beaconsfield.—*Judy*.

THE Rugby Cricket Club is made up partly of persons who earn their own living, and partly of persons whose living is earned for them. A short time ago the club was invited to play the Cotton House team, and the invitation included the hope that they would come early and stay a long while. On Saturday last the Rugby club proceeded to Cotton House, and all "went merry as a marriage bell" until lunch-time arrived, when the persons who do not have to earn their own living were invited into the dining room, whilst those who do have to earn their own living were treated to sandwiches and beer in the kitchen, whither they had been taken through the front of the house. When choked with indignation and coarse food, they desired to return to the cricket field by the way they came, the butler interposed, and pointed to the servants' entrance as their proper place of exit. The captain of the club mildly hinted that he was not a servant, but the butler retorted that he was a tradesman, and there was not much difference. To shorten a somewhat lengthy story, it may be remarked that later in the day, when the butler made his appearance on the cricket field, he was soundly thrashed for his impertinence.

COMMON petroleum has been recommended to protect guns from rust. When put away for the season, simply wipe the barrels with a woollen rag dipped in the oil.



THE WAGNER MEDAL.



to the artists and to his patrons, Herr Wagner, adverting to the concluding words of the second part of Goethe's "Faust," proceeded to comment upon art in general. His speech was loudly applauded.

Frau von Schleinitz afterwards crowned the composer with a silver laurel-wreath.

"ATLAS," who supports, or is supported by, *The World*, as the case may be, says:—"Another dramatised version of *Bleak House* is announced, and again the name of one of the principal characters is perverted from 'Joe' to 'Jo.' Nothing would have annoyed Dickens more than these Americanisms." Are there no Americanisms which *The World* might find and hold up to reprobation without going outside its own columns?

TURFIANA.

THE last day of Stockton, disastrous enough to backers, nevertheless wound up a capital meeting, and gave us a further insight into the Northern two-year-old form, which seems clearly above the average this season. It is true Polly Perkins rather upset previous calculations, but then the Hardwicke Stakes is always prolific of surprises, and Orleans, Adamite, and Black Knight were at any rate all of them in the same boat. Old Thorn again covered himself with glory, and really there seems no stopping him at his favourite mile game. His blood is wonderfully good, though, perhaps, none of the stoutest, and we shall be surprised if, when his cast-iron frame at last gives way, there are not many inquiries after the last of the Velocipede line "in tail male." It was this horse that John Scott used to swear by, and his name is continually cropping up in high class pedigrees, albeit he was of the beloved Blacklock house. Fanny Day keeps on winning, and we hold this to be a good omen for Carnival, whose foal we shall welcome at Cobham next year, and we hear that nearly all his mares are in foal. The Stud Company's stallion advertisement catches our eye in the front page of the Calendar, and a very goodly show they make; but we cannot help thinking that Blue Gown has been put at too high a figure. We always were among the horse's admirers, but we think he should at least have earned his spurs before joining the hundred guinea division. It is on the fact that he has failed to make any great mark abroad that his enemies lay so much stress, and while there are others of the same family at a lower figure, breeders will fight shy of the "pig-eyed cob." We hate to see horses fall from their high estate, merely because they have attempted too high a rope at first, and a breeder's first care should be to fill his horse so as to give him every possible chance of early distinction. We have no doubt that Blue Gown will, and have every confidence in his ultimate success, but still we think Mr. Bell has aimed a little too high. There is too much of this exaltation to the highest pinnacle at one jump, though we are glad to observe a wise restriction (in most cases) to the number of mares apportioned to *débutantes* at the Stud.

The Race Committee at York have pulled themselves together with a view to the better accommodation of distinguished officials and visitors, and have wisely carried out all their additions and improvements in the dear old red brick of the original structure. The paddock is better than that at Doncaster, where too much space is occupied by the saddling cupboards, which have a sort of Davenport Brothers look about them. The "county families" are well provided for, and as for the new stewards' "Rotunda," it gives one the idea, with its white interior and tessellated walls, of some model dairy, or a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, with a large stock of Weymouth Lake ice in the centre. Mr. Payne represented Fyfield, for grouse considerations were too strong for Mr. Crawford, and Lord Falmouth wisely kept his strong two-year-old hand in reserve for Doncaster and Newmarket. A few of the privileged, including John Day, Jem Peart, and other choice spirits, occupied their accustomed bench, just beyond the winning post, and there was a goodly muster of trainers and jockeys on their eys above the weighing-room. Charon quite spoilt the Zetland, and though he has not thickened since he charmed our eyes at Epsom, in his two-year-old days, there is great liberty and quality about him. The Yorkshire Oaks brought out its usual small field, and though Just in Time tried on the cutting-down game, Zee's white face was always handy, and Goater had only to let her out to win as she pleased. The handsome Titania was real "good goods" in a very poor Badminton field, and then the white-legged Tilley played with Cat's-eye to the distance, and came creeping home an easy winner. Sunray was quite left out in the cold for the Convivial; but the first of the King of the Forests made very short work of Black Knight and Co., and began well for Mr. Houldsworth, whose long lane of ill luck seems to have found a turning at last. Concha and Policy both went "like birds," in the betting and in their races, and, after the very neat Correggio had polished off Glastonbury, his party began to talk rather proudly of the morrow, for Mr. Vyner's horse showed at Stockton that there was some sort of form about him.

From a contemporary we learn that the "Tam O'Shanter ball" at Tuppill was a great success, though it strikes us as being rather late in the day to celebrate the Chester triumph, and we hope soon to hear of festivities being held there upon some more important occasion than a mere handicap victory. The mottoes seem to have been simple and charming in their simplicity, and might all have been included in the one sentence, "Success to everybody." A list of the distinguished guests is given with all the minute fidelity of a court journalist, and we only require some account of the dresses to render the description complete. Very fashionable hours were kept, and old Tom Dawson's snuffbox had to be replenished frequently during the evening, so many were the calls upon that venerable receptacle of scented rappee. The supper was so good that the jockeys determined to forego "wasting" for that occasion only, and to crown all we are told that after the first attack upon the festive board, a masquerade was held, and was thoroughly enjoyed. The words of one motto we can cordially re-echo, viz., "success to Mr. Jardine," and we trust soon to hear of Bates calling his friends and neighbours together in honour of a second "Pretender blue" victory at Epsom or Doncaster. We are glad to hear that the announced retirement of Mr. Vyner is at least premature, and trust that he may long live to represent Yorkshire on the turf, which stands sadly in need at the present time of some of the good old-fashioned sort with which the county of acres was wont to abound. Racing in the North wants a filip, and requires something like the old White-wall establishment to keep things going as in the olden times, when the bold Southron came up annually to his defeat in the St. Leger. We have to chronicle the death of that remarkable lad Sammy Adams, who was Our William's right hand man in the palmy days of Woodyeates, when handicap after handicap fell to the share of his employers. Sammy was possessed of great *sang froid*, and was blessed with the rare talent of strict obedience to orders, which too many of his fellows are apt to neglect. Perhaps the proudest moment of his life was when William Day led Catch'em-Alive back after his Cambridgeshire victory, and even when short of weight in the leaded scale Sammy maintained his composure, and found his reward in the crisp notes of an approving master.

After York, the way is clear up to Doncaster, only Warwick intervening, and we fear that Mr. Merry's meeting is hardly so remunerative as in days gone by; the grouse-shooters return from York to their northern fastnesses until the Champagne bell rings at Doncaster, and the partridge fever rages high through the land during the first ten days of September. Warwick has long ceased to alter the tone of the St. Leger market now that post betting has become the fashion, and folks have long regarded as mythical the sweet little cherub (in the full dress of an Admiral) who sits up aloft in the stewards' stand to keep watch over the doings of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire crews. Messrs. Tattersall announce their four days' Doncaster list as full, and there is no room even for a royal yearling. We shall have most of the "same old faces" as before, and breeders, like bookmakers in the ring, seem to keep their places with wonderful regularity. On the grand days there will be two pulpits going as heretofore, and it seems a pity that we cannot have morning and afternoon

preachers, so as to ensure an united congregation. At Newmarket the system worked well enough, though in the July weeks buyers had to hurry from behind the ditch to meet Mr. Tattersall at six o'clock, between which hour and dinner some very smart business indeed was transacted in Park Paddocks. Any "big" man, such as Mr. Graham, Mr. Cookson, or Mr. Johnstone would "draw" well after the racing, then there is an awkward gap before dinner, and nothing worth seeing or hearing at the Rooms. At present, the St. Leger day and its follower are too full of good things, and the pressure of sight-seers round the Ring is something awful. We trust yet to see Mr. Tattersall's proposal of a "gate money" sale carried out, and the proceeds would form a very pretty addition to some race on the card. There was nothing to call for special remark among the rather "ragged lot" which faced Mr. Tattersall in Nelson's yard, and we forget how many times poor old Sunbeam has changed hands during the last four years. There seems to be no hope of inducing her to breed again, and Sunshine was quite her best card, though Gladiolus at one time had a goodly number of admirers for Wenlock's St. Leger.

SKYLARK.

THE SHEFFIELD LANE YEARLINGS.

HALF an hour's journey from the smoky cauldron of Sheffield and the air is as fresh, the fields as green, and the sky as clear as if a thousand chimney shafts in the valley below were not rolling forth their dusky clouds, and myriads of engines "roaring upon their race" from morn to eve in the town of keen blades, the capital of cutlery. The road along which we are whirled in the softly falling rain, has witnessed many a Sunday pilgrimage of raw mechanics and swarthy artisans in the direction of Adventurer's kingdom, and so great is the demand for introductions to the Sultan and his harem that prohibitory measures, much against the will of manager and master, had to be resorted to in order to stem the advancing wave of Sheffield "lads" intent upon making their salaams before the Father of the Faithful. Adventurer boasts stronger resemblance to Newminster than any of his brethren, and has stamped out a likeness of himself in Pretender, whose forehead recalls that of Adventurer at once, though he cannot boast of the same elegantly yet powerfully turned quarters, and is altogether more "on leg" than his illustrious progenitor. Pretender and Apology have placed the five classic races of the year to Adventurer's credit; no small feather in his cap, when it is considered that, in a certain sense, he has his own way to make in the world, and attained the height of a sire's ambition by downright merit, having worked his way steadily up to the summit of Fortune's ladder, after commencing at its lowest rung. Many more highly favoured at starting in life are at once placed half way up the ascent, and miss all the early struggles and disappointments which inevitably attend the progress of the *faber fortunæ sue*. Mandrake, who looked very coltish and unfurnished in his first few seasons at the stud, has assumed a more patriarchal aspect now that he approaches the prime of life; and though he has hitherto been rather a disappointing horse, his fine blood cannot fail to tell with unmistakable force at no very remote period, and as one of the last of the Weatherbits it is to be hoped he may make his mark as sire of some great winner before he is taken from us. He is not built on a large scale, but has an honest, sterling look about him, and a record of what he did for others at Middleham, in the way of trials and leading work, in addition to some very important business on his own account, might furnish forth a pleasant hour's conversation with old Tom Dawson. What are the results of Mandrake's sojourn at Mentmore we have not yet heard, but he should have left some good advertisements of his powers with Markham, as the first ladies in the land at Crafon were his portion among the daughters of the south. After "interviewing" the brace of browns and the chestnut, we could not afford to linger long over Tynedale, dear to his owner's heart by reason of the Tomboy blood, and bearing on his flanks the family crest of the roan Warlock, whose portrait was a feature in the Whitewall parlour when the Wizard held sway at Malton. Down the lane, and into the London road once more, and through the wicket gate on the left, and the "Model Lodging Houses" for yearlings are before us, each with its sunny playground in front, and doors communicating through the entire length of the range. Everything in stone, from party-walls to mangers, and their occupants know no galling rack-chain restrictions, but take their ease while youth and liberty permit, and ere the stern usages of stable discipline become their lot in life. Hard food and strong exercise is the order of the day at present, and the only indication of future servitude is the occasional plait in a mane which will lie forwardly, as if the days of wild and wilful foaldom were not yet forgotten. Passing through the Commissariat Department, we come upon luscious stores of new-mown clover, ready for distribution among the forces, and the uplifted lid of the corn-bin discloses satisfactory answer to the oft-repeated question, "Do you bruise your oats?" The land of cakes furnishes supplies of those toothsome dainties, grown on Dumfriesshire uplands, whilst the home farm dispenses its well-ripened produce of mellow hay, shorn from pastures alternately fed by the deep uddered kine, close-biting flock, and dainty nibbling thoroughbred. The aftermath springs green and thick beneath the welcome rain; as it patters gently down upon thirsty leaves of swede and mangold, and sends the reapers for shelter under the hedge-row tree.

Among the sixteen yearlings there is variety enough to please all tastes, and it is a less representative Sheffield-lane team than usual which comprises, in addition to four each of young Adventurers and Tynedales, a brace of Kingcrafts, the same number of Macaronis, and single specimens of Lambton, Sterling, Musket, and Rosicrucian. Thus North, South, and Midlands may be said to have been requisitioned for supplies, and it cannot be maintained that the home sires have been unduly favoured. There is nothing among the Adventurers quite so good as the premier yearling of 1875, but an own sister to Glen Arthur (by which name Maid of the Glen colt is now known at Bedford Lodge) took our fancy very much, sharing a deal of her sire's symmetry and quality, with the clever shapes and well turned quarters of the Kingston family. With good depth of girth and fine shoulders she combines every requisite for the development of propelling powers, and will not walk round the ring, begging for a bid, as too many have done at Doncaster. Sweet Sound has a brown colt by the same sire, not built on a very large scale, but more remarkable for truth of conformation and fine quality. He looks fast and clever enough for anything, and will not require much training to enable him to flash that white off hind leg in the faces of his right humble followers. Q. E. D. is another Kingston mare mated with Adventurer in hopes of the happy Venison hit being repeated in a second Pretender. Her pretty bay colt is rather low in front at present, and much will depend upon the way he grows during the winter months. He has plenty of level quality, and, like his relative from Maid of the Glen, has much of the Kingston cut about him. A brown filly by Adventurer from Charlotte Russe by Fazzoletto is also a promising sort, and the most likely looking one of her dam's produce we have yet seen, and it appears that this finely bred matron (one of the good old Sheffield-lane sort) has found the correct cross at last. Still, with all their undoubted recommendations, we question whether the young Adventurers are quite up to former samples this year, and the strength of Mr. Johnstone's team will be found to consist in animals recruited from other sources than those

lying close at hand. A colt and filly by Macaroni will be sure to attract plenty of candidates for their possession. The former is a chestnut son of La Favorita, with a blaze face, great bone and substance, the shortest and strongest of backs, and capitally furnished with muscle all over. The Thormanby blood of his dam is apparent in the drooping quarters of her son, than whom we have rarely seen anything more precocious, and he moves with all the lightness and freedom of a pony. The bay filly out of Performer is one of the useful sort which will be picking up crumbs early in life, while the "big 'uns" are only thinking about it; for though on the small side, she is uncommonly well knit, and quick on her legs as a rabbit. The bay colt out of Tourney (by Tournament) claims a double parentage in Lambton and The Miner, but we may safely set him down as one of the Cure family, and a very promising one to boot, with all the characteristic neatness of the tribe, and clever as a Christian. His hocks are a trifle straight, but not in any way deformed, and like the Macaroni filly, he will not be long in paying his corn bill if all goes well with him during the recess. The Lambtons, with Shannon as queen of their tribe, have always shown themselves useful, clever horses, though perhaps not stayers of the first water, and this will be about the last of them offered for sale. The first Kingcraft yearlings we have seen are those out of Moss Rose and Lady Nyassa, but concerning the latter we may have been misinformed, as it is returned in last year's Doncaster sale list as by The Miner. We will therefore pass her over, and turn to the colt undoubtedly begotten by the faint-hearted Derby winner of 1870. We certainly expected a more shapely animal from so handsome a horse as Kingcraft, but here we have a very plain colt indeed with a ewe neck, a very sour head with ungainly ears, and rather soft-looking limbs. He is about the same light shade of bay as his sire, but without his fine black points, and though he may develop into something better than at present, he will never be a beauty. Of course he is not Sheffield Lane bred, and this constant fathering of other people's ideas is not the least drawback breeders have to contend with, and verily the sins of former owners are frequently visited upon their innocent successors. Sterling's colt from Chillianwallah we saw sold at Doncaster last year, when he realised a larger price (in our opinion) than will be forthcoming for him at the same place this autumn. He is big enough for anything, but at present all legs and wings, and there is no saying how he may eventually turn out. He is a bit plain about the head, too, and gives us no idea of being got by so handsome a horse as Sterling, out of a Newminster mare. He will be a bold man who will venture an opinion about him, and whoever takes him must do so entirely "on spec," and we wish him all luck with his purchase. The plainest part about the brown filly by Rosicrucian out of Fair Melrose is her head, but in all other respects she is highly promising, and as all the Rosicrucians seem to run, and most of them in winning style, Mr. Tattersall will have no occasion to dwell long on this very desirable lot. Fair Melrose has yet a name to make, like many another Newminster mare, but this youngster is full of promise, and may rightly be classed as A.I. Another useful-looking filly is the one by Musket from Grey Stocking (sister to Athena), showing a good old-fashioned head, well knit frame, and with plenty of length and liberty about her. We confess to have been agreeably surprised with the looks of more than one of the young Tynedales, for the horse did not take our fancy in the least, and seemed quite out of place in such good company as is gathered together at Sheffield Lane. Colts out of Lina and a Stockwell mare, (whose name we omitted to take down) are well-made, likely-looking animals, the latter especially, which stands on good short legs with famous knees and hocks, good girth, and abundance of bone, looking like a workman all over. Curiously enough, a most remarkable "dip" or indentation between croup and tail in Tynedale, is reproduced in his offspring. As two Stockwell mares, and one by Blair Athol have been allotted to him, we think his owners have done very generously by the horse, and "now or never" must be his motto. Next week we shall hope to give some account of the yearlings destined for Doncaster from Neasham, Moorlands, and Croft, and subsequent wanderings will lead us towards Finstall Park, and the midland districts.

THE Welsh National Eisteddfod commenced on Tuesday morning at Wrexham. Fine weather favoured the gathering, and from an early hour the town was filled with visitors. At nine o'clock the gorsedd was held, under the direction of the Vordgron, in a field in Grosvenor-road, the arch-druid being Estyn, the Rev. T. R. Lloyd, rector of Llanfymydd. The Bishop of St. Asaph presided, and delivered an address. Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Brinley Richards, and Mr. John Thomas were the chief musical adjudicators.

THE longshore sharpshooters who, for pleasure or profit, infest all parts of our sea-coast and blaze away at every winged thing that comes within range, are beginning to find that the birds are becoming more and more difficult to reach, and that "pot shots" which were frequent in the first few days of August, are now hardly to be had. The close time for seabirds which the Act of 1869 prescribed came to an end on the first day of this month; and the four months of peace which the birds had enjoyed had so lulled them into a false sense of security that they fell an easy prey to the first few shots that were driven among them as they congregated in flocks on the cliffs. But the sudden opening of hostilities has now made them more wary than ever, and as soon as they recovered from their first fright at the sound of the unaccustomed gun, they awoke to a sense of their insecure position, and now keep at a respectful distance from boat or shore.

"A FEMALE COCK PHEASANT."—Under this heading, Mr. E. K. Karslake, Q.C., favours the *Times* with the following communication:—"Permit me to call the attention of such of your readers as are fond of natural history to a very singular circumstance, which those who have the opportunity of doing so ought themselves to witness. A short time since I went to the Zoological Gardens, when I was surprised to find a cock pheasant carefully nursing two (pheasant) chicks just hatched. This bird is a hybrid between a Reeves' pheasant and a Cheer. He is a large, vulgar bird, with blotchy, rather dirty-coloured plumage; in fact, in appearance unprepossessing, as hybrids are generally, though not universally, for our half-and-half cross between an Amherst and a gold pheasant is a beautiful creature. The cock pheasant in question rose from his bed when he saw me, and the babies dived into the long grass, where they were invisible, though the tremulous motion of a few blades indicated their whereabouts. But one of the fair sex, dressed in a bright yellow gown, came to see what I was staring at, and thereupon the cock made a great fuss, clucking and running round and round like an old hen whose brood of ducklings has just taken the water. I went on Saturday morning to see how the little pheasants were doing. The old cock was reposing in the long grass, with his children under his wings, while the hen was walking about in the distance, not taking the slightest interest in the matter. Though I have no pretension to scientific knowledge as a naturalist, I was once a diligent breeder of first-class poultry, and though capons will take care of chickens, I never before knew an instance of a gallinaceous cock, or of a male pheasant, which first hatched and then tended its offspring. I accidentally met this morning that first-rate judge on such subjects, Mr. Bartlett, who tells me that the phenomenon which I mention is as much a novelty to him as it is to me."

CRICKET, AQUATICS, AND ATHLETICS.

WHAT can be said of Mr. W. G. Grace now? It is not so long since that he succeeded in scoring 400 against twenty-two in field at Hull; then he made 334 against Kent at Canterbury, but to my mind (and I am ready to admit I may be wrong) his very greatest performance is his innings against Yorkshire at Clifton last week, when playing for Gloucestershire against the county of broad acres, he amassed no less than 318 (not out). When it is borne in mind that Hill, Emmett, Ulyett, Clayton, Armitage, Lockwood, Eastwood, and Myers all had a turn with the ball. I really think no one will deny that this score stands prominently forward as the grandest on record, completely eclipsing all his other fine innings. In the match I am referring to, Gloucestershire won the toss, and were not disposed of until 528 runs had been accumulated, of which Mr. W. G. Grace obtained his mammoth score, while Mr. W. Moberly obtained 103, Mr. Gilbert 40, and Mr. J. A. Bush 32. What a wonderful improvement, by-the-by, has Mr. Gilbert made in his batting in the last season or two. The first time I saw him play I was very favourably impressed with his fielding at point; it was, unless my memory deceives, when he played for the Colts of Middlesex, in which match he did not make a very promising *début* as a batsman, but now he is a man whose back his adversaries are very glad to see on the way to the dressing-room. But to resume; Yorkshire lost seven wickets for 127, when a very heavy storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, put a stop to any further play for nearly two hours. At about a quarter to four the storm ceased, and the Gloucestershire eleven turned out in the field, but Lockwood very properly demurred to allow his men to go out, he alleging, with good reason, that the ground was utterly unfit to continue the match. After rather a lengthened palaver, Gloucestershire having all the pull of the match, another heavy storm came on, and effectually settled matters, and the game and stumps were drawn. For Yorkshire, Lockwood scored 23, Myers 46 (not out), a very good innings, and Emmett 39. Gloucestershire bids fair to prove the champion county this year, as up to the present they have not lost a single match.

Cannot something be done to remedy the great waste of time which so frequently occurs at good matches, and which is so productive of that most unsatisfactory of all conclusions—a draw? Take, for instance, the match between Nottinghamshire and Middlesex, which was (not) finished on Saturday last on the Trent Bridge Ground, Nottingham. The home county went in first, and succeeded in obtaining 217, of which Daft contributed 99, and Barnes 24. For Middlesex, who scored 134, Mr. A. J. Webbe was credited with 44 (not out), Burghes 33, and Mr. C. J. Lucas 24. Being 83 in the minority, the metropolitan county had no choice but to follow their innings, and 214 was the result of their second venture: the Brothers Webbe, H. R. and A. J., topping the score with 48 each, while Mr. I. D. Walker was only beaten by a short head—I mean one run. Nottinghamshire now required 132 runs to win, and had obtained 90 for the loss of eight wickets, when time was called, and the match was left unfinished, Barnes, Clarke, Sherwin and Morley being the not outs, the two latter having to go in. Had so much time not been cut to waste, Middlesex, in all probability, would have won, and they have only themselves to thank that the victory was denied them when almost in their grasp.

Hampshire, on Saturday last, defeated Kent by an innings and 6 runs, a result mainly attributed to Mr. Ridley's fine innings of 104. He was certainly missed at the wicket by Henty (who has been keeping very well in the few matches he has participated in this year), when he had scored 9 only. Against 277 scored by Hants in the first innings, Kent could only obtain 129 and 142, Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Foord-Kelcey, and Lord Harris, and Mr. Absolom being chief scorers. Mr. Ridley's lobs were very destructive, he obtaining five wickets in either innings at the relative cost of 52 and 54. Sussex have been at it again. When to all outward appearances they were certain to beat Lancashire at Brighton, last week, they, on the last day of playing, went all to pieces, and were consequently defeated by 12 runs. Lancashire obtained 141 and 97, Mr. Hornby scoring 67 and 0, Ricketts 0 and 25, and Mr. Mills 1 and 26. Against this Sussex made 142 (of which Charlwood in rather a lucky way contributed 53) and 84, thus losing by 12 runs. I have not at hand a file of papers to refer to, but from memory I can safely assert that this makes four matches which Sussex have fairly thrown away. Journeying from Brighton, Lancashire on Monday made their appearance at Gravesend, where they met Kent for the return match. The County Palatine was certainly not adequately represented, Mr. Appleby and Mr. Jackson being conspicuous by their absence; in fact it may almost be said that, as at Brighton, they played without a wicket keeper, unless Mr. Hornby or Ricketts or Mr. Royle can be said to have acted in that capacity, when standing fully ten yards from the sticks to McIntyre's or Mr. Mills's bowling. However, Kent went in first, and thanks to Mr. Foord-Kelcey's fine hitting and really good play, scored 149, he making 50 out of that number. Lancashire in their first innings fell 21 short of their opponents, Mr. Kelcey's bowling securing eight wickets. Kent in their second attempt did better than at their first, 193 being the result, Mr. Mackinnon contributing 51 (not out) by really good cricket, and Mr. Yardley 44, obtained in his well known free and fearless style. This left Lancashire 214 to win, and they lost half their wickets for 49 on Tuesday, and on Wednesday they were all dismissed for 85, thus being defeated by 129 runs. For the losers Barlow played with his consistent steadiness for 29 and 36; while Mr. Kelcey, who obtained eleven wickets, and Hearne eight, bowled well for the winners. Surrey on Thursday seemed likely to beat Yorkshire at the Oval, but on the third day Bell and Emmett bowled so finely that the northern county ultimately won by 24 runs. Surrey went in the second time wanting 102 runs to win, and lost seven wickets for 55. It was hoped that Barrett would again come off as in the Middlesex return match, but it was not to be, and in the end Yorkshire won as above stated.

The only topic in matters relative to aquatics which calls for comment from me is the forfeit by Lumsden in his match for the sculling championship with Trickett, the Australian. It seems now certain that the Australian will return home champion without having a second contest for the title, as Higgins, who was anxious to row him, has gone over to America to take part in the great regatta there. Last Thursday evening was appointed for the final deposit to be made, and, to the great surprise and disgust of those present at the "Bells," Putney, James Taylor, Lumsden's chief supporter, declined to go on with the match, and declared forfeit of the £100 down. But, as if to pile on the agony, the stakeholder, *Bell's Life*, has been served with a notice not to part with the extra money staked for the bet of £200 a side, which depended on the result of the race, he alleging that, as the match did not take place, all bets were off. What will be the end of it all I cannot judge, but I leave it to the public to form their own opinion whether such conduct is sportsmanlike or not.

Athletics in the Metropolitan District since my last have been nil, but several meetings have occupied the attention of provincials and the visitors to some watering places. I hear that the Scarborough *Funion* was quite a success, and although the competitors barely can be considered better than good third class men, there was one runner who in his day took a deal of beating, viz., F. W. Todd, of the Irish Champion A.C., but better

known as of the Railway Clearing House A.C.; he, however, on this occasion could evidently barely "raise a gallop," although he managed to run up to Twigg of Hanley in the quarter, and with 50 yards to be a miserably poor second to J. Foster of Hull, who had 110 yards in the mile handicap.

Journeying to Barnsley, however, he had better luck, as he there won the quarter of a mile handicap in a canter, with three yards start, and strange to state he was meeting Twigg on two yards worse terms. With the exception of this pair the runners were a very poor sample. On Monday also the Brightonians held a meeting, but it proved a miserably tame affair. Willett, a club man, whose form must by this time be known to "an ounce," was pitchforked into the open mile handicap,—why don't clubs bar their own members, as the University men do in College sports?—and of course indulged in an exercise canter which must have been far from edifying to that slowest of all slow men J. A. Squires of the L.A.C., who was yet again placed. I live in hopes of seeing him win a good race ere I depart this life, but I am well on the journey towards "that bourne," &c., &c.

"Tom" Mantell, who is always harshly treated "in his own country," could do no better than run second for the open 120 yards handicap, which fell to a veteran, in Hornidge of the Peckham A.C., who was in receipt of one yard from the Lewes man; and Wickham, who has been doing wonders in the north, being kindly let in with 16 yards, had no trouble in taking the first prize to Bristol. I am not in the secret as to who made the handicaps, but "Exon's" advice is, "Don't do it any more." At the Crusaders' Football Club Sports the "Brums" turned out some rather different "cattle," amongst whom I may mention Oldfield, Cooper, Sproston, and Wright, who all were in a winning vein, but the Metropolitan representatives had only one place to their credit, viz., second in the half-mile handicap, secured by H. M. Oliver, who ought to have done better with 85 yards start. Eastbourne Sports are barely worthy of notice at all, as good men now fight shy of the journey, as athletes, I regret to state, now consider the "fleshpots of Egypt" much more to be desired than the laurel wreath of the ancients, and, moreover, are not particular which way they manage to obtain them. I, however, must say I rejoice to see that harshly-used runner, Thomas, of the Peckham A.C., once more with No. 1 to his name; and Tom Mantell secured the level hundred. My correspondent tells me the starting was, as of yore, enough to drive an expert out of his mind. I know two years ago I was barely sane after the first half-an-hour. Next Saturday one solitary meeting will occupy the minds of the London division, viz., the Bow Churchyard Sports, promoted by the employes of Messrs. Copestake, Moore, and Crampton. I am informed that the entries for the open races are good, and, although the amateur gentlemen will be conspicuous by their absence, I do not anticipate any lack of sport, as friendly rivalry will always supersede the got-up affairs of larger meetings, in the mind of

EXON.

THE DISEMBODIED CRITIC.

I AM, in truth, no theologian, and, as I understand nothing of dogma, I am at least without antipathies. Wherefore, I beseech you, put me down as no heathen, sunk in a slough of pernicious doctrine, nor yet as a sceptic, waging war upon accepted creeds. This is no solemn deliverance in any sort, and, were a man to tell me that there is a touch of the allegorical in it, I would by no means give him flat denial.

My scene is laid in heaven. Not that ultimate Paradise of the Protestant, nor the intermediate Hades of the Catholic; but an Elysium with a touch of the earthly and of the heavenly in it, where the disembodied spirits of those who upon earth worked as artists in or connection with artists, disport themselves. There has ever been experienced much difficulty in locating such abodes. The Orientals, whom the Occidentals follow—showing once more how extremes meet—placed their Paradise in the upper regions of the sky. The Greeks regarded it as being in the West, where the sun went down—a theory which might still be entertained, were it not for the discovery of Ireland and America, and, indeed, the establishment of the fact that, by going steadily West for a period, a man might turn up again at the other side of Greece, without encountering a solitary immortal. Homer, although wonderfully particular as to the atmospheric conditions of the abodes of the blessed after death, can hardly be considered as geographically satisfactory. He places it in the ends of the earth. Refreshing zephyrs are always blowing there. Just Rhadamanthus rules, and unpleasant aerial phenomena are unknown. The happy guest has the pleasantest of habitations.

There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against me more;
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

Hesiod removes the blissful abode to the Happy Isles. He deposes the great Rhadamanthus, setting up in his place—I forget whom—but some highly respectable character, you may be certain.

I wish that I was able to point out with some approach to accuracy the whereabouts of the artistic paradise. There is no limit to grace, thank Heaven, whereas there are limits to human imagination. I only know that it is a portion of space, cut off, bounded, and secured from intrusion on the part of dwellers in the outer world. It is a strangely fair weird world, and one wherein the inhabitants have forgotten all worldly spites and jealousies; where they think only of the beautiful, which is omnipresent there, and before which they perform prostrations and genuflections.

Here again I must diverge for a little moment. For truly I admit that the performance of prostrations and genuflections implies to the mind of the ordinary reader the possession of material bodies wherewith to engage in these celestial worshippings. And bodies doubtless they have. Bodies in accordance with their earthly conditions. So that where a man has been great he is endowed with a frame worthy of his fame. The limit of these spiritual environments, of what is akin to matter without being material, is six feet four inches. But as Elysium is ruled over by a deity of infinite Charity, there is no limit as to the smallness of the body. The same charity which arranged that the greatest man should not be encumbered with a corporeal habitation inconveniently extensive, has ruled that the very minutest and feeblest of artistic creatures shall not by reason of his littleness be excluded, but shall in the question of corporation be dealt with upon the *pro rata* system.

In this Elysium there are many mansions. Each is devoted to an art. And when a claimant for admission cannot definitely declare of what art he is a professor, then he is relegated to the keeping of those professing the art to which his is most allied. Be sure that in this artistic congregation the actor's mansion is not their least, either in the calibre of its inmates or in the beauty of its adornments. Here, I judge it by no means impertinent to set forth that the glorified histrions take counsel one with another, unrefreshed by any poisons. There is no celestial Rockley's. Their enjoyments are essentially spiritual. Their appetites for no vulgar refectations. It was at one time a question in this land of the disciples of art, in what part of it the critics should have place. At first it was suggested that they should have a place of their own. As, however, the persons qualified, or supposed to be qualified, to criticise the works of others outnumber the artists in many lines, it was considered inconvenient that so vast a contingent should be separately housed. Therefore, it was ultimately

decided by the powers exercising supreme control in this Elysium, that the disembodied critic should spend his time among those whose art he criticised. Thus, when the critic of painting dies his soul is received in the home of the artists. When the reviewer of books resigns his pen, he finds place amongst his friends the authors. And when death's finger touches the dramatic critic, he is forwarded with decent dispatch to the house of the histrions. In all the spaces of this heavenly refuge, the denizens receive timely warning of the approach of a new spirit. And their worldly dislikes having been purified and refined till they have ceased to exist altogether, they make due preparation to give him cordial welcoming.

To the inhabitants of the Histrionic Heaven there was duly whispered one day that the soul of a critic was then taking its flight from earth. Clustering round the bar of heaven the expectant spirits met. For to many of them the new comer was known, having been noted, when on earth, as being at once the severest, most influential, and most ill-informed of those appointed to pass printed opinions upon plays and players. But those who waited there among the stars to watch his approach bore him no smallest grudge. They waited only to see into a body of what dimensions the critic's soul would go. If you can imagine a midwife conceiving a dislike to the infant unborn, then, indeed, you may fancy these creatures hating the spirit which was to be born among them. The distance from earth to heaven is truly prodigious. But spiritual progression is more prodigious still. And the average time consumed in this transit of spirits, according to our earthly way of measuring time, 3min 35sec. As surely as the electric spark flashes intelligence across this diminutive globe of ours, so surely was the departure of the soul of Aristarchus Jones telegraphed to the Histrionic department of the Artistic Elysium. The average 3min 35sec expired. There was no slightest indication of the approach of the spirit of Jones. The time was twice told. No spirit had ever taken so considerable a period for its journey. The embodied essences clustering round the celestial portals become apprehensive least anything might interfere, with the arrangements connecting THEM with US. For this communication was their chief joy, and they prepared for the reception of friends as we do for the reception of those who return to us from afar.

There was no agitation. Celestial bosoms know not that emotion. But there was a certain undefinable sense of disappointment expressed all round, until one who had witnessed the entrance of many visitants suggested, as a theory worthy of entertainment, that the soul of Aristarchus was of proportions so utterly small as to be invisible even to spiritual vision. And thereupon, with increased interest, they gave spiritual ear, and it was thought that a still, small squeak was audible. A voice of such magnitude as that of an animalcule (for I opine that those aqueous insects are not unendowed with the power to communicate their sentiments) was detected by the super-sensitive ear of one and of another. But so thin was the strain that no one could detect its whereabouts. It was an invisible soul. The eyes of the immortals, which can discharge at will telescopic or microscopic functions, cannot arrest it. The presence is believed in. The precise localities to which it shifts, eagerly desiring the body which it can never obtain, is undetermined. And one of the amusements indulged in to this day in those Elysian fields is hunting after the disembodied spirit of Aristarchus Jones.

THE Signorina Spelterina, a lady 23 years of age, who speaks seven languages, is a daughter of Italy, whose feat of crossing the Falls of Niagara has created no little sensation in America. At the point selected for the exhibition, the same at which the famous Blondin stretched his second rope, the gorge is something more than eight hundred feet across, and the banks about two hundred feet above the seething water. It is one of the wildest, most troubled parts of the river. On the hither side quite a large number of spectators, both in carriages and on foot, who had gained admission by paying their honest fee of entrance, were assembled, but many preferred to view the novel and startling spectacle, gratuitously, from the bridge. The rope was two and a quarter inches in diameter, of the best manilla, and weighed nearly a ton. It was held taut by fourteen hundred pounds of guy-ropes. The sag did not exceed twenty feet altogether, and its own weight, together with a perfect network of guys at either side, held it steady almost as a bent rod of iron. The Signorina started promptly at the advertised time, four o'clock. She was attired with green buskins, flesh-coloured tights, a tunic of scarlet, and shining green bodice. Her head was covered by its luxuriant growth of flowing brown hair. The accomplishment of her passage was the signal for applause from both banks and the bridge. Then they waited, probably ten minutes. At the expiration of that time the Signorina again appeared, balance-pole in hand, and stepping firmly upon the rope began the return journey. Steadily she came back across the long line, stopping at the centre to rest upon one knee, then again stepping forward with measured and steady tread. When within a few rods of her final destination she stood for an enterprising photographer.

WHEN Mr. Tennyson composed "The Princess," says a sporting contemporary, there were no University examinations for women, and he was but exercising a flight of fancy when he wrote of "Dowagers for deans, and sweet girl graduates with their golden hair." Since then, if not in this country, abroad, women have been admitted to doctoral degrees, and there are few barriers at present to prevent any woman, mentally equipped for the task, from rising to the highest intellectual development. We of the old country, however, have not arrived at that muscular equality of the sexes which distinguishes the younger, and possibly the more vigorous, British races of Australia. Our *opéra-bouffe* actresses are content to conquer in the arena of love, and although they are not chary of displaying their muscles, they have not yet taken to "tug at the labouring oar," or otherwise enter into the active field of athletics. In this respect they lag behind their professional sisters who flourish beneath the Southern Cross. It would appear that a young singer and actress, Miss Emelie Melville, of the San Franciscan stage, lately practising her profession in Melbourne, unites sweetness of voice to hardness of muscle, and when not displaying her talents upon the stage is showing her strength and agility upon the river. We understand that the fair songstress is stroke oar of a boat's crew that "goes out every afternoon between three and four o'clock, and rows nearly to Hawthorne and back. Anyone standing on Prince's Bridge and watching them coming down the straight, could easily mistake them for a crew of men-of-war's men, they row so well together, and their uniforms being of the sailor style—blue serge jackets, trimmed with white, the same material in the skirts, and sailor hats. There is no doubt that under the good coaching they have been getting lately they will be able to beat some of the crews who consider themselves experts. The ladies comprising this crew were in training to row a single-scutt race at Melbourne during the latter part of June, and a boat for that purpose was being built for each of them. A great deal of interest was manifested in boating circles at the approaching event, as all the ladies who compose Miss Melville's crew are considered good oarswomen." Notwithstanding that ideas travel swiftly in the present day, we are not in immediate hope of receiving an advertisement containing a challenge from a picked eight of the ladies of the Alhambra Theatre to row any waterside eight of the Thames or Tyne.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

WHEN the Promenade Concerts are in full swing at Covent Garden, there is at least one resort where the social philosopher may peruse a glittering page of that voluminous book called *Human Folly*, where the suburban cockney can air his affectation of musical amateurship cheaply without rebuke, and where the easy-going pleasure-seeker can saunter about fulfilling every object of his postprandial existence, except that of smoking.

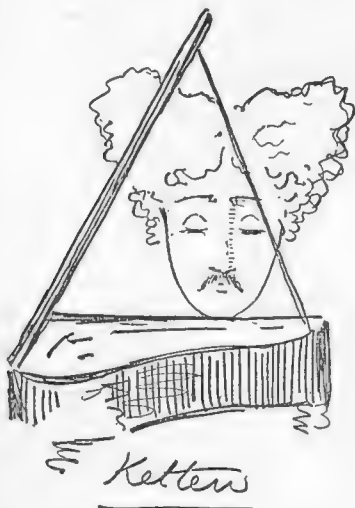
For my own part, combining as I do in my own person most of the leading characteristics of each of these three classes, it is not



Signor Arditi
(Or every man his own Appollo)

much to be wondered at that I should turn my steps towards this metamorphosed opera-house, where the varied strains of Signor Arditi's great orchestra attract the multitude to consume the liquors provided by Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. As a mere pleasure-seeker I wander through the gorgeously carpeted building, gratifying my sensuous tastes in every way that is open to me. When I wish to affect the importance of a musical amateur, I button-hole some raw acquaintance, inform him that I have just returned from Bayreuth, whither I went at the special invitation of my old friend Wagner to assist at his Festival, and discourse learnedly upon the psychological aspect of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and the effect it is likely to have upon Foreign Stocks as compared with the Tammany Ring. I explain in my characteristically clear and concise style the correct meanings and pronunciation of the various German phrases. I particularly call attention to the fact that the word "Götterdämmerung" is *not* bad language, profane as it may seem to the uninitiated. In short, I shed a flood of light upon most interesting subjects, which otherwise would probably remain unexplained until the crack of doom.

While I am touching upon philological matters, it occurs to me



that I cannot seize a better opportunity than the present to make known to the world certain important discoveries which I have lately made in regard to the origin of names. I have devoted deep study to these matters, and I have not the slightest doubt that, in connection with them, my name will be transmitted to posterity among the great luminaries of science. To find instances in proof of the accuracy of my theories I need not go beyond the programme of the Promenade Concerts, which now lies before me.

To take the first name that strikes me, I will venture to say that few persons now living are aware of the true origin of the surname Arditi. Yet the explanation is simple enough. William III, otherwise styled William the Dutchman or William of Orange, brought with him to England, among other artists attached to

his court, a musician to conduct his musical fêtes. The real name of this musician has not survived; but it is recorded that the stupidity of the British performers whom he was obliged to direct was wont to irritate him to such a frenzy, that he would oftentimes offer to strike them with his baton. Being a foreigner, his use of the English language was naturally imperfect, so that, when threatening his fiddlers, he would say "I vill hard hit ye!" This, owing to that delicate sense of euphony which prompts the highly-favoured natives of London to ignore intrusive aspirates, became speedily softened down into "ard it ée." Which name,

Bruce, however, in setting his face against what he considers disingenuous dealing on the part of a rival showman, takes a creditable stand on his own account. His protest may be taken as signifying that he himself, at least, aspires during his managerial career to "do the square thing."

The beautiful Mrs. Rousby is playing her original part in 'Twist Axe and Crown' at the Standard. The play, like all Mr. Tom Taylor's efforts at blank-verse history, is too turgid and conventional to prove attractive to anyone beyond those select coteries who boast a purely spiritual discernment in all matters of



"POOR JO" (Cave)

with but slight alteration, the descendants of that musician have borne unto this day.

The name Ould as applied to musicians is of very ancient Irish origin. Ould, as the student is aware, was a word of endearment among the Irish, and more generally applied to popular favourites, especially such as devoted their talents to the amusement of their fellow creatures. It was used without reference to age. Wandering minstrels in Ireland were never called by their proper names, but when one arrived in a village the simple cry of delight went round, "Here comes the ould piper!" (or ould harper as the case might be). Thus, by degrees the word came to be used as an ordinary surname.

I have not space to multiply examples, but I cannot forbear quoting one which, I am sure, will conclusively demonstrate the correctness of my premises. I allude to the name Thaddeus Wells. My readers will doubtless be surprised when I tell them that the origin of this name is neither more nor less than an ancient north-country phrase, almost synonymous with the old proverb, "Needs must when the devil drives." It was derived on this wise. The first bearer of the name was a minstrel of great gifts but erratic habits. He used to be periodically seized with fits of wild and reckless devilry, and during them would wrench off knockers, beat watchmen, and play a variety of midnight pranks, which though highly comical from his own point of view, caused many more staid and sober people to remonstrate with him. To all their remonstrances he returned one reply—"The deuce wills and I maun do it." It is easy therefore to perceive how, through peculiarities of dialect, the words *the deuce wills* became gradually corrupted into the cognomen Thaddeus Wells.

It is to be regretted that I cannot, now, enter more fully into the niceties of this curious branch of philology. If, however, what I have suggested will encourage others to pursue the study to further issues, I shall not have laboured in vain.

The chief artistic attraction at the Promenade Concerts this season is, undoubtedly, the piano playing of M. Henri Ketten. The "knowing ones" say he lacks "soul" (whatever that may be), but I think I never heard a pianist of such great skill and ability. The decorations at Covent Garden are, as usual, coarse and vulgar. Why do not the directors of these dog-day entertainments have the place surrounded with winter scenery—make it one great icy cavern? The Messrs. Gatti have ever been artists in ice—*verbum sap.*

The managerial difference which occurred last week in regard to the rival versions of Dickens's "Bleak House," played at the Globe Theatre, is of too slight a public interest to call for much comment here. Sharp dealing and chicanery are so much the usage between theatrical managers, that it is out of the question to expect any unprejudiced observer to take one side or another, on the general principles of honesty and fairness. Miss Jennie Lee created the part of "Jo," theatrically speaking, and it was her creation solely that attracted the public to the Globe last season. Mr. Cave's imitative speculation at the same house cannot, I imagine, injure the value of the original performance, and certainly will not rob Miss Jennie Lee of a grain of that popularity which her personal talents have acquired for her. Mr. Edgar

art. It is followed at the Standard by the *Irish Tutor*, a stupid old farce, that, by contrast, appears almost amusing. The part



Mr Ennis Power as 'the Irish Tutor'

of Dr. O'Toole is played by Mr. Ennis Power, an actor new to London, who displays much humour and a decided faculty for Irish comic acting.

BY-THE-BYE,

Do you remember how, with reference to the first Englishman in India, I spoke of Good and Great King Alfred's expedition to that then unknown land? I told you how the account had been received as at least most improbable, yet here we have to-day, a single man in what is called an open boat, who has crossed the Atlantic, and is now safe and sound, and a sight to see in Liverpool. Mr. H. Furniss, who was I believe the first to welcome this adventurous American, has sent me a sketch of him, which I here re-produce as a subject which is sure to be interesting to the readers of By-the-Bye.



How he contrived to perform the wonderful feat is almost as great a mystery as "the Bravo Case" was, and by-the-by:—

If that "Apprentice, of Lincoln's Inn" who wrote the other day to the *Daily Telegraph* about Mr. Bravo's death is a young person about to marry, to him indeed should I most emphatically say "Don't!"

Another young person who once as flippantly sneered at his betters, and forgot the deference and respect due to age and experience, being about to marry, received similar advice from Dr. Johnson, who said: "I would advise no man to marry who is not likely to propagate understanding."

In a long letter prominently printed—*mirabile dictu*—in *leaded type* "An Apprentice" did "not complain that various gentlemen should have taken it upon themselves to write letters airing their own view of the Balham Mystery" without his permission, even although their "view" was not his view. The idea of Mr. Bravo being jealous of his wife moved him to say that, "what the 'green-eyed monster' may or may not have done is not exactly evidence," and those who think otherwise, he pleasantly intimates, are mad. The torture endured by Mrs. Bravo moves him to sneer at her and her sympathisers, saying, "A lady has a right to swear to what she likes, and if she swears to two statements distinctly contradictory of one another, she deserves the sympathy of every honest Englishman resident at Colney Hatch or elsewhere;" and with a jocular remembrance of Mrs. Cox, he adds—"If I lived at Colney Hatch I should perhaps see my way to believe the whole of the evidence of each lady." In short an apprentice pins his faith to the jury. He sneers at "beautiful English" because it is "not evidence," and he says, "It is quite clear from their verdict that the jury did not believe Mrs. Cox, and if they did not believe her I do not see why I should." Now isn't that delightful? Adopt this apprentice way of looking at the case, and how easy it is to be satisfied. We need not toil through columns of contradictory evidence, carefully weighing and considering this or that statement, we need not trouble ourselves about the truth of this, or the justice of that, but only leave it all to the lawyers—who may be Dr. Kenealys—and the jury—who may be residents of Balham—without bothering our inferior minds at all about the matter. All we want to read is the verdict, all we want to know is what the jury said. I re-call



Some Jurymen I have known

and the verdicts I have read; I remember verdicts curious, comical, tragical, and eccentric, and I—well—I would say to that apprentice—with the philanthropic feelings of a Dr. Johnson glowing in my inmost heart—if ever he was about to marry—DON'T!

However, we must not despise the opinion even of blockheads, one's respect for a majority should plead against that, and, moreover, as alas! I have reason to remember, stupid animals are almost invariably spiteful. Still it is strange to see folly in *leaded type*, or rather it would be in any paper but the *D.T.*, which, in that respect, is almost as bad as now is the *Echo*. Talking, by-the-by, of strange things,

I find a strange proposition in an American paper, the *Philadelphia Press*, emanating from a Mr. J. P. Norris, described as "a well known American Shakespearean," whatever that may mean. He says, "Very often the features and clothing of the dead are preserved for hundreds of years after burial, and on opening their graves wonderful sights have been seen. In a few minutes all crumbles away, and nothing but dust remains; but for a short time the illusion is wonderful." And he, therefore, thinks we might go to Shakspeare's last resting place, "open the grave reverently; have the photographers ready; and the moment the coffin-lid is removed—if there be any—expose the plates, and see what will be the result. Then close up the grave; and if nothing is accomplished no harm would be done, and people would rest satisfied."

There are some grumbling dissatisfied folk who would not be satisfied, Mr. Norris. As to the poet's curse on those who "dig the dust enclosed" there, that may be very easily avoided, says Mr. Norris, for it applies to one of the male sex, and to avoid it we have merely to give some lady the spade, pick, and crowbar,

let her "dig the dust" and "open the grave reverently" and—there you are! Fye, fye! must a man's greatness deprive us of all reverence for his remains, all care for what we may fairly presume was his last earthly wish? Alas! for greatness, if so it is; alas! also, Mr. Norris, for that "wonderful sight" of yours which would hardly repay the cost of a lady's lightest and slightest labour, it is so common, so entirely removed from everything that makes a man dear or interesting to us, so strangely unlike the life that was, as to be utterly unrecognizable in connection with it. As one who loves Shakspeare, I trust, Mr. Norris, that your strange pains will win nothing on this side of the Atlantic but contempt and pity.

Ah! well, life is a strange affair altogether. On Wednesday afternoon I met a sad group of brother artists and journalists, jolly

suddenly, and just when it was ripe, utterly destroyed. As I said before, it is very strange. The gaiety of many a coming meeting of the Circle Club will be sobered by the thought of its most constant and regular attendant, poor George Miller.

The recent rain took me quite by surprise, and others too, by-the-by, for I observed how, deceived by the long continuance of bright sunny days, very few people had provided themselves with umbrellas—things which I never carry, for the simple reasons that I am a poor man with a large family, and should be sure to leave them behind in railway carriages, dining rooms, theatres, and any other places to which business takes me, or where I might chance to visit. I could not afford that, and so etc., etc., I sometimes get wet. Out of ten persons I have just passed in the heavy rain only two were provided with umbrellas. Here are sketches of



Recollections of the Mourner

fellows who for many years have never met without the heartiest of handshakings, the most mirthful of merry greetings, much chaffing and loud laughter. And here they were all silent and awe-stricken, with tears in their eyes, and with never a ghost of their weakest witticisms to enliven them, dreadingly standing in Brompton Cemetery, beside the open grave of poor George Miller, the sculptor; the merriest, heartiest, truest, best-loved member of their genial Circle. I had known him some thirteen years or less, and had never come upon his dear face in any place, under any circumstances, without finding a glad welcome upon it—never heard his pleasant voice without a cheery ring of kindness in it—even as I looked down into his grave, and could not see the coffin's record of his age, for tears, I heard the familiar chorus of one of his merry songs in the blended voices of our club. It was incongruous and strange, but deeply affecting. Again I heard him hot in argument, as he was prone to be, for he felt deeply and spoke fearlessly, and I remembered how goodnaturedly he received the keenest home-thrusts to which his impulsive eagerness, rather than his want of power, often exposed him. I saw him rise with a sudden jerk, in his place at the club, his hand outstretched, to propose a generous thing, or say a kindly one, and my mind had not a memory of him that was not filled with his vigorous strength and energy of feeling, thought, and expression; and, all the while, there, cold and still, in the darkness of his coffin, rested my dear old friend's poor remains—all the skill, wide knowledge, and refined judgment, he had toiled so long for, and used so well,

them. By-the-by, autumn and falling leaves, closing days, and coming winter are suggested by this sudden change in the temperature and weather.

A. H. DOUBLEVUE.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.—I had had this dog for several years and had never, even in his puppyhood, known him to steal. Nevertheless, on one occasion he was very hungry, and in the room where I was reading, and he was sitting, there was within easy reach, a savoury mutton chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under the sofa. However, I pretended not to observe what had occurred, and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa without making a sound, but doubtless enduring an agony of contending feelings. Eventually, however, conscience came off victorious, for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in his mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the tempting morsel at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterwards. Moreover, when during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned away his head in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Altogether I do not think it would be possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this; for it must be remembered, as already stated, that the particular animal in question was never beaten in his life.—*Quarterly Journal of Science*.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

EGHAM RACES.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16.

The DUKE OF EDINBURGH CUP (handicap), a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for starters, with 100 added; 1 mile, straight.
Mr. E. Duke's Moatlands, by Knowsley—Lady Dewhurst, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb
Weedon 1
Mr. H. Bowman's Kineton, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb C. Morton 2
Mr. Cambridge's Quick March, aged, 7st 9lb Laney 3
Also ran: Chieftain, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb; Martini, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb; Glaucus, aged, 7st 1lb (car 7st 4lb); Elsham Lad, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb.
Betting: Evens on Moatlands, 4 to 1 each agst Chieftain and Elsham Lad, and 100 to 15 agst Kineton. Won easily by a couple of lengths; a bad third.

The DENHAM SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. 5 furlongs, straight.

Captain D. Lane's Quebrada, by The Miner—Little Savage, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb
Lanes 1
Mr. W. G. Steven's Mead, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb J. Jarvis 2
Mr. E. Weaver's Odipus, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb Glover 3
Also ran: Spectator, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb; Miss Patrick, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb; Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb; Red Riding Hood, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb; Queenie, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb.
Betting: 9 to 4 agst Odipus, 4 to 1 each agst Miss Patrick and Mead, 100 to 15 agst Spectator, and 12 to 1 each agst Quebrada and Shakespeare. Won by a length, bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. T. Stevens for 200 guineas, the same gentleman also claiming Miss Patrick.

The PRINCESS OF WALES'S PLATE (handicap) of 100 sovs in specie, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each for starters. 5 furlongs, straight.

Mr. G. E. Paget's Roehampton, by Lord Clifden—Summer's Eve, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb
Weedon 1
Mr. M. Dawson's Bella, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb C. Archer 2
Captain D. Lane's Marvellous, 6 yrs, 7st 5lb J. Jarvis 3
Mr. Carnegie's Catinka, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb Aldridge 0
Betting: 5 to 4 on Roehampton, 100 to 30 agst Bella, 5 to 1 agst Catinka, and 12 to 1 agst Marvellous. Won cleverly by a neck; bad third.

The BARONS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, 3 ft, with 50 added, for two-year-olds; second saved stake. Half a mile. 11 subs.

Mr. H. E. Tidy's Grouse, by Wild Moor—Betty, 8st 2lb Constable 1
Mr. Brayley's Ancient Mariner, 8st 5lb T. Cannon 2
Mr. S. Evershed's f by Thunderbolt—Candia, 8st 4lb Price 3
Betting: 6 to 4 on Grouse, 7 to 4 agst Ancient Mariner, and 100 to 8 agst Candia filly offered. Won easily by two lengths; the Candia filly last, beaten a long way.

The MAGNA CHARTA SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for all ages; 5 furlongs, straight.

Mr. H. Rymill's Devotion, by See-Saw—Jeannie Deans, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb
Jeffrey 1
Mr. G. V. Fisher's Shakespeare, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb (£50) C. Archer 2
Mr. E. Weaver's Odipus, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (£50) Glover 3
Also ran: Quebrada, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (£50); Pernambuco, 2 yrs, 7st (£100); Wild Briar, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (£100); Hubert de Burgh, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb (£50); Beauty Bright, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£50).
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Quebrada, 3 to 1 agst Pernambuco, 7 to 2 agst Odipus, 5 to 1 agst Beauty Bright, 10 to 1 agst Devotion, 12 to 1 agst Hubert de Burgh, and 20 to 1 agst Shakespeare. Won by a length; a head separated second and third. The winner was bought in for 200 guineas.

The SURREY AND MIDDLESEX STAKES (handicap) of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each for starters; second saved stake. 1 1/2 mile.

Mr. E. Duke's Moatlands, by Knowsley—Lady Dewhurst, 4 yrs, 8st (inc 4lb ex) Constable 1
Mr. E. Braxley's f by Atherstone—Birette, 3 yrs, 6st (car 6st 1lb) F. Jeffrey 2
Mr. Teevan's Kilmore, aged, 7st 8lb C. Archer 3
Also ran: Bloomfield, 5 yrs, 8st; Hestia, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb; Burlington, 4 yrs, 5st 10lb.
Betting: 5 to 4 agst Moatlands, 4 to 1 agst Birette filly, 100 to 15 each agst Bloomfield and Hestia, 100 to 4 agst Kilmore, and 100 to 7 agst Burlington. Won easily by three lengths, bad third.

STOCKTON RACES.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16.

GREAT NORTHERN LEGER of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added, for three-year-olds; second received 25 sovs. 1 1/2 mile. 25 subs.

Mr. Johnson's Charles Edward, by Pretender—Lady Ripon, 8st 3lb
G. Cooke 1
Mr. Davenport's Osric, 8st 10lb Britton 2
Mr. C. Gardner's St. Cuthbert, 8st 10lb J. Osborne 3
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Looking Glass, 8st 6lb Griffiths 0
Betting: Evens on Osric, and 2 to 1 agst St. Cuthbert. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third.

LAMINGTON PLATE of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 25 sovs each; for two-year-olds; second received 50 sovs; third saved stake. T.Y.C. (About 6 furlongs), 17 subs.

Lord Zetland's Spiegelschiff, by Speculum—Flotilla, 8st 6lb Snowden 1
Mr. Vyner's Blue Riband, 8st 10lb F. Archer 2
Mr. Durham's Datura, 8st Bruckshaw 3
Also ran: Do or Die, 8st; Sinbad, 8st 4lb (car 8st 5lb); The Bellman, 8st 4lb; Nora, 8st; Newcomen's Mal de Mer, 8st.
Betting: 9 to 4 on Blue Riband, 100 to 15 agst Spiegelschiff, 8 to 1 agst Mal de Mer, and 100 to 6 each agst others. Won, after a splendid struggle, by a head; bad third.

WYNYARD HANDICAP PLATE of 200 sovs; 5 furlongs.

Lord Zetland's Morocco, by Moulsey—Abyssinia, 6 yrs, 8st 8lb Snowden 1
Mr. C. Gardner's Omega, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb W. Chaloner 2
Mr. J. Shepherd's Lily (late Madame Toto), 4 yrs, 6st 6lb Sharp 3
Also ran: Aragon, 6 yrs, 8st 6lb; Macadam, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb; Satisfaction, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb; Rouge Bonnet, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb; Annie Louise, 5 yrs, 6st 7lb (car 6st 8lb); Benedictine, 5 yrs, 6st 5lb; Ormelie, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb; Queensland, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb; Brister Hill, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.
Betting: 9 to 4 agst Queensland, 11 to 2 agst Macadam, 8 to 1 agst Morocco, 10 to 1 each agst Omega, Rouge Bonnet, and Benedictine, 11 to 1 agst Ormelie, and 2 to 1 agst Brister Hill. Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

HAREWOOD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds. Half a mile. 11 subs.

Mr. Cameron's Diana, by Lord Clifden—Kromeski, 8st 7lb (£200) F. Archer 1
Mr. T. Green's Hannah, 7lb 7lb (car 7st 8lb (£100) Bruckshaw 2
Mr. F. Bates's f by Cardinal York—Lady Flora, 7st 9lb (£100) G. Cooke 3
Also ran: colt by Strathconan—Lady Murray, 7st 10lb (car 7st 12lb) (£100); Tilt, 8st (£150); Dauntless, 7st 10lb (£150).
Betting: 7 to 4 agst Hannah, 2 to 1 agst Diana, and 5 to 1 agst Lady Flora filly. Won by half a length; a head between second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. T. Green for 400 guineas.

HARDWICKE STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added; for two-year-olds; second received 25 sovs. T.Y.C. about 6 furlongs. 63 subs.

Lord Vivian's Polly Perkins, by Macaroni—Molly Carew, by Wild Dayrell, 6st 12lb (inc 10lb extra) Morbey 1
Duke of Westminster's Helena, 7st 12lb A. Wood 2
Mr. R. Osborne's Constantine, 8st 5lb J. Osborne 3
Also ran: Filly by Tynedale—Lady Ripon, 8st 1lb; Prince of Orange, 8st 1lb; Black Knight, 9st 3lb (inc 10lb ex); Mr. Pond, 7st 13lb; Orleans, 9st 4lb (inc 8lb ex); Admitte, 8st 4lb (inc 8lb ex); c by Speculum—Memento, 8st 5lb; Royal Stuart, 8st 2lb; colt by Knight of the Garter—Auchinleck, 8st 2lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Helena, 9 to 2 agst Black Knight, 7 to 1 agst Lady Ripon filly, 8 to 1 each agst Polly Perkins and Orleans, 10 to 1 agst Memento colt, and 12 to 1 agst Admitte. Won by half a length; four lengths between second and third.

THORNABY SELLING STAKES of 3 sovs each, with 50 added; 5 furlongs.

Mr. C. Barasco's Susannah (late Microscope) by Speculum—Cypriana, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb Bruckshaw 1
Mr. Peck's Mrs. Croft, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb A. Wood 2
Mr. Winter's c by Bete Noire—Time Test, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb Thompson 3
Also ran: Belinda, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb; My Nanny O, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb; Little Witch, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb; White Eye, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb; St. Denys, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb.
Betting: 7 to 4 agst Mrs. Croft, 5 to 2 agst Susannah, 7 to 1 agst Belinda, and 10 to 1 agst Little Witch. Won by a neck; three lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 200 guineas.

GARBUTT PEDESTRIAN WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs; 1 mile.

Mr. E. Messenger's Queen of the Tyne, by Knight of the Garter—Amine, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb Fagan 1
Captain Dove's Terra Firma, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb W. Platt 2
Mr. Robinson's Annie Louise, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb Mr. G. S. Thompson 3
Also ran: Audacious, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb; Tommy Taylor, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb; Lady Cicely, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb; Lady Adamas, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb; Hospodar, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb; Buy a Broom, aged, 8st 5lb; Napier, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Lady Adamas, 4 to 1 agst Queen of the Tyne, 7 to 1 agst Terra Firma, 10 to 1 each agst others. Won by two lengths; a neck between second and third.

MATCH, 25 sovs; catch weights, 1 mile.

Mr. Newton's Speculation Luke 1
Mr. Parson's Jenny Lind Morgan 2
Betting: 2 to 1 on Speculation, Won by 10 lengths.

YORK AUGUST MEETING.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22.

The ZETLAND STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. T.Y.C. Nineteen subs.

Sir G. Chetwynd's Charon, by Hermit—Barchettina, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (£300) Newhouse 1
Mr. T. Green's King of Hearts, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb (£200) Bruckshaw 2
Mr. R. Peck's Delicacy, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb (£200) J. Macdonald 3
Also ran: Elsa, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb (£200); Jardinier, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb (£200).
Betting: 6 to 5 on Charon, 6 to 1 agst Jardinier. Won by a neck; bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. T. Green for 400 guineas.

The JUVENILE STAKES of 50 sovs each, 20 ft, for two-year-olds. Three quarters of a mile. Three subs.

Mr. A. H. Turner Newcomen's Warrenby, by Palmer—Amine, 8st 10lb Griffiths w.o.

The YORKSHIRE OAKS of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added, for three-year-olds; second received 50 sovs out of the stakes, and third saved stake. One mile and a quarter. Twenty-nine subs.

Mr. Savile's Zee, by The Palmer—Lady Blanche, by Voltigeur, 9st (inc 4lb ex) J. Goater 1
Mr. Henage's f in Time, 8st 3lb A. Wood 2
Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Adventurer—Sweet Sound, 8st 3lb G. Cooke 3
Betting: 6 to 5 on Just in Time, 2 to 1 agst Zee, 9 to 2 agst the Sweet Sound filly. Won very easily by three quarters of a length; the Sweet Sound filly was a bad third.

The BADMINTON PLATE of 100 sovs for two-year-olds. Half a mile.
Mr. Wallace's Titania, by Orest—Queen Mab, 8st 7lb Constable 1
Mr. I. Ambury's c by Hermit—Romping Girl, 8st 10lb Toon 2
Mr. P. Nugent's Calton, 8st 10lb J. Snowden 3
Also ran: Doctor Livingstone, 8st 10lb; Jessie, 8st 7lb; c by Knight of the Garter—Auchinleck, 8st 10lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 on Titania, 7 to 1 agst Jessie, 12 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; bad third.

MATCH: 200, h ft. One mile.

Mr. F. Bates's Tilley, by Mount Palatine—Darling, by Annandale, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb G. Cooke 1
Mr. Whittaker's Cat's-eye, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb F. Archer 2
Even betting. Won easily by a couple of lengths.

The CONVIVIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; second received 25 sovs out of the stakes; third saved stake. T.Y.C. 40 subs.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Sunray, by King of the Forest—Sunshine, 8st 3lb F. Archer 1
Lord Zetland's Black Knight, 8st 12lb (inc 5lb ex) Snowden 2
Mr. R. Osborne's Constantine, 8st 10lb J. Osborne 3
Also ran: Fleur de Lis, 8st 3lb; Queen Mary, 8st 3lb.
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Black Knight, 4 to 1 agst Constantine, 5 to 1 agst Sunray, 5 to 1 (at first 3 to 1) agst Fleur de Lis. Won by a length; four lengths divided the second and third.

The LONSDALE PLATE (handicap) of 300 sovs; winners extra. T.Y.C. Mr. H. Bird's Concha, by Asteroid—Arapelle, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb Hopkins 1
Sir G. Chetwynd's Tangible, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb F. Webb 2
Lord Lascelles's Mousquetaire, 3 yrs, 8st F. Archer 3
Also ran: Grand Fleuret, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb; Conductor, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb; Farnese, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; Pluton, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; La Seine, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb; Twine the Plaiden, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb; Relic, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb; Ormelie, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb; Revillon, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb.

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Mousquetaire, 100 to 30 agst Farnese, 8 to 1 agst Concha, 10 to 1 each agst Pluton, Grand Fleuret, Tangible, and La Seine, 13 to 1 agst Revillon. Won cleverly by a neck; four lengths divided the second and third.

The BRADGATE PARK STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added. T.Y.C.

Mr. H. Bird's Policy, by General Peel—Polias, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (£50) Rossiter 1

Mr. R. C. Vyner's Looking Glass, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb (£50) Horan 2
Sir J. Lister Kayes's Strider, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (£50) F. Archer 3
Also ran: Filly by Knight of the Garter—Hawthorn's dam, 2 yrs, 6st 1lb (£50); Susannah, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (£50); Elkington, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb (£50); Inglemere, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb (£100).
Betting: 6 to 5 on Policy, 6 to 1 each agst Hawthorn's dam filly, Susannah and Stroller. Won in a common canter by three lengths; a like distance divided second and third. The winner was sold to Mr. R. Peck for 600s, and Mr. Vyner claimed Susannah.

The SECOND YEAR OF THE TWENTIETH NORTH OF ENGLAND BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for three-year-olds; second received a sum equal to 10 per cent. on the whole stake; third saved stake. Two miles, over the Old Course. 21 subs.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Correggio, by Parmesan—Necklace, 8st 10lb T. Osborne 1

Mr. Vyner's Glastonbury, 8st 10lb Osborne 2

Mr. Delton's Teuton, 8st 10lb F. Webb 3

Betting: Evens on Correggio, 6 to 5 agst Glastonbury, 100 to 8 agst Teuton. Won by a head; bad third.

The OLD THREE-YEAR-OLD PRODUCE STAKES of 50 sovs each, h ft, for three-year-olds. One mile and a half. 4 subs.

Mr. Bowes's Goral, by Blair Athol—Klarinska, 8st 7lb Griffiths 1

Mr. W. S. Cartwright's filly by Macaroni—Fairminster, 8st 7lb Constable 2

The betting opened at 2 to 1 on the Fairminster filly, but closed at 6 to 4 on Goral. Won in a canter by twenty lengths.

WEDNESDAY.

The EBOR ST. LEGER of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 added; for three-year-olds; 1 1/2 mile.

Mr. Savile's Zee, by Palmer—Lady Blanche, 8st 9lb (inc 4lb ex) J. Goater 1

Mr. Vyner's Glastonbury, 8st 10lb J. Osborne 2

Betting: 21 to 20 on Zee, who won easily by half a length.

The LONDESBOURGH CUP (handicap) of 50 sovs each, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. J. R. Humphrey's Royal Blood, by King of Trumps—Queen of York, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (inc 6lb ex) J. Macdonald 1

Mr. H. Robertson's Juvenis, 5 yrs, 7st 1lb Fagan 2

Mr. R. Osborne's Jardinier, 5 yrs, 6st 5lb Morgan 0

Betting: 7 to 4 on Royal Blood, 100 to 30 agst Juvenis, and 4 to 1 agst Jardinier. Won by a head; bad third.

The GREAT EBOR HANDICAP of 500 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 10 ft, 5 only if declared; 2 miles.

Mr. H. Savile's Lillian, by Wingrave—Lady Blanche, aged, 7st 11lb F. Archer 1

Mr. P. Lucas's Agglethorpe, 5 yrs, 6st 6lb Deacon 2

Mr. J. Johnstone's f by Adventurer—Sweet Sound, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb Jones 3

Mr. R. Howell's Activity, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb Thompson 0

Mr. J. Osborne's Mindrop, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb W. Chaloner 0

Mr. Acton's King Log, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb Cutler 0

Mr. Northern's Clearwell, aged, 6st 7lb Fagan 0

Mr. T. Melville's Stamfordham, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb (inc 10lb ex) Morgan 0

Mr. H. Bragg's Chimes, 5 yrs, 6st 4lb J. Macdonald 0

Mr. Houldsworth's Correggio, 3 yrs, 6st F. Jeffrey 0

Betting: 5 to 2 agst King Log, 100 to 30 agst Lillian, 9 to 2 agst Clearwell, 100 to 15 agst Mindrop, 10 to 1 agst Correggio, 100 to 7 agst Stamfordham, 20 to 1 each agst Agglethorpe and Activity, and 100 to 15 agst Sweet Sound filly. Won by a neck; bad third. Time by Benson's chronograph, 4 min. 29 sec.

The PRINCE OF WALES'S STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 200 added, for two-year-olds; second received 50 sovs out of the stakes, and third saved stake. 5 fur. 44 yards. 35 subs.

Mr. Joseph Dawson's Bruce, by King o' Scots—Recluse, 9st 3lb C. Wood 1

Mr. H. F. C. Vyner's Blue Riband, 9st 3lb F. Archer 2

Duke of Westminster's Helena, 8st 3lb A. Wood 3

Also ran: Lorgnette, 8st 3lb; Tanagui, 8st 3lb; Spinster, 8st 3lb.

Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Bruce and Blue Riband, 5 to 1 agst Lorgnette, 7 to 1 agst Helena. Won rather easily by a length; a head between second and third.

The MEMBERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added. 5 fur. 44 yards.

Sir J. L. Kaye's g by Saunterer—Miss Johnson, 4 yrs, 8st (£50) F. Archer 1

Mr. H. F. C. Vyner's Looking Glass, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb (£50) Horan 2

Mr. Waterhouse's f by Knight of the Garter—Hawthorn's dam, 2 yrs, 6st 1lb (£50) Sharpe 3

Mr. Hebdale's Lady Annie, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (£100) Morgan 0

Betting: 7 to 4 agst Looking Glass, 2 to 1 agst Stroller, 5 to 2 agst the Hawthorn's dam filly. Won by a neck; four lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 150s.

The FILLY SAPLING STAKES of 50 sovs each, 30 ft, for two-year-old fillies; 8st 10lb each; second saved stake. 5 fur. 44 yards. 15 subs.

Mr. Johnstone's f by Tynedale—Lady Ripon J. Osborne 1

Mr. W. T. Sharpe's Polly Craven A. Wood 2

Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen's Mal de Mer Griffiths 3

Also ran: Popkins, Merrythought.

Betting: 11 to 8 on Merrythought, 6 to 2 each agst Popkins and the Lady Ripon filly, 10 to 1 each agst Polly Craven and Mal de Mer. Won easily by a length; a neck between second and third.

The FIRST YEAR OF THE TWENTY-FIRST NORTH OF ENGLAND BIENNIAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; second received 10 per cent. on the whole stake, and third saved stake. Five fur. 44 yards. 25 subs.

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Wood Anemone, by King of the Forest—Crowes, 8st 2lb F. Archer 1

Lord Zetland's Spiegelschiff, 8st 5lb Snowden 2

Mr. R. C. Vyner's Prior of Prado, 8st 7lb J. Osborne 3

Also ran: Meta (late Houladin), 8st 2lb; Warrenby, 8st 10lb.

Betting: Evens agst Spiegelschiff, 9 to 4 agst Wood Anemone, 5 to 1 agst Meta, and 20 to 1 each agst the others. Won by a head; bad third.

The QUEEN'S PLATE of 200 guineas. Two miles.

Mr. H. F. C. Vyner's Thunder, by Thunderbolt—Violante, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb F. Archer 1

Mr. T. Green's Charon, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb Bruckshaw 2

Mr. J. Snarry's Lily Agnes, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb T. Chaloner 3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Thunder. Won somewhat easily by a neck; bad third.

The GLASGOW STAKES of 30 sovs each, h ft, for two-year-olds. Five fur. 44 yards. 5 subs.

Mr. F. Bates's Extinguisher, by Lord Lyon—Curfew Bell, 8st 10lb G. Cooke 1

Mr. R. C. Vyner's Borgia, 8st 10lb Griffiths 2

Betting: 6 to 4 on Extinguisher, who won easily by six lengths.

STREATHAM MEETING.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 22.

The STAND PLATE (Handicap) of 50 sovs. About five fur.; nearly straight.

Mr. J. Winfield's Banshee, by Blarney—Lady Wilde, 6 yrs, 9st 5lb (inc 7lb ex) Barlow 1

Mr. Carnegie's Catinka, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb Aldridge 2

Mr. Savage's Primrose (late Laird of Glenlochay), 3 yrs, 7st 2lb Skinner 3

Mr. J. Bambridge's The Quaker, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb Dunkerton 0

Betting: Evens on Catinka, 3 to 1 each agst Banshee and Primrose, 10 to 1 agst The Quaker. Won by three-quarters of a length; three lengths separated the second and third.

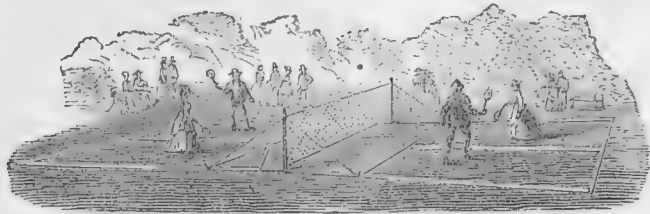
The COMMITTEE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. About six furlongs.

Mr. A. Briggs's Hubert de Burgh, by King John—Madame Stodare, 4 yrs, 8st Weedon 1

Mr. W. Burton's Sarcotite, aged, 8st 9lb Barlow 2

Mr. Aldridge's Saracen, aged, 8st 12

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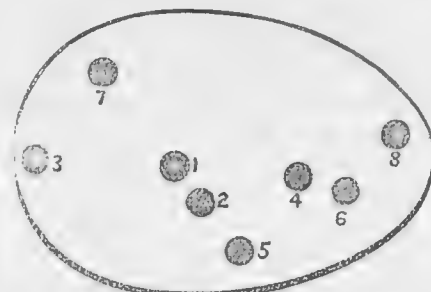
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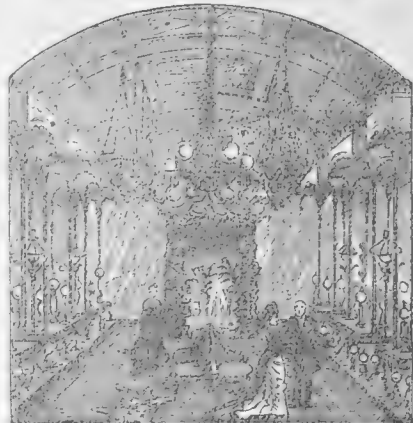


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CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS.

ON SEQUELS OF OPERAS.

Operas and novels enjoy an equal popularity, and in many important respects their resemblance is striking. In each, a fictitious story is worked out, and the three acts of the opera correspond to the three volumes of the novel. The opera, like the novel, generally concludes with the marriage of its hero and heroine; although, of course, there are both novels and operas which terminate tragically. Verdi takes care to render the marriage of his heroes and heroines impossible, by killing off one or both of them before the final descent of the curtain. It is clear, however, that most operas, like most novels, "end happily;" in other words they end with the marriage of the chief personages. What is the subsequent fate of the happy pair neither novel nor opera informs us. In old-fashioned novels, a supplementary account was given of the number of olive branches presented by the best of wives to the happiest of husbands; and the careers of the minor personages were sketched, Vice being always punished and Virtue always rewarded. This ex post facto kind of information is impracticable in the case of operatic marriages, for when the curtain falls there is no one left to make any statement as to results. Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson would greatly distinguish themselves if they were to come in front of the curtain ten minutes after its descent, and give those "further particulars" which the audience would be glad to learn; but neither of them has adopted this desirable course, and the ultimate fate of people in whom we have felt a lively interest during an entire evening is left to our unaided imagination. Yet it is certain that when a popular opera arrives at its termination, many of the audience regret to part with the chief personages, and would be glad to know something of their after lives.

Musing on this fact, and on the value of the moral lessons which might be blended with supplementary information of the kind referred to, it has occurred to me that he would be hailed as a benefactor who should give to the amateur musical world a series of "SEQUELS OF OPERAS," showing the results of those operatic marriages which commence so rosily. Perhaps I shall best illustrate my ideas by giving one or two outline sketches of those additional operatic acts for which I have longed from my boyhood upwards. We have been left in a state of uncertainty as to the married lives of six very popular personages—Arlene and Thaddeus, in *The Bohemian Girl*; Lurline and Rudolf, in *Lurline*; and Amina and Elvino, in *La Sonnambula*. I have often mused on the possibilities in store for the three bridegrooms, and although I may not win universal assent to the theories which I have elaborated, I am cheered by the belief that they are logically deduced, according to the Doctrine of Probabilities. Nevertheless, it is with great diffidence that I venture to submit a sketch of a possible fourth act to the three-act opera, *Lurline*.

It will be remembered that Lurline was a water-nymph, daughter of Rhineberg, the King of the Rhine. Count Rudolph, described as an "extravagant young German," after sundry sub-aqueous adventures, marries Lurline, who quits her Nereid life; and her father—who has given her a magnificent dowry—departs for his estates at the bottom of the Rhine, accompanied by his faithful Gnome, after taking an eternal farewell of Lurline. Ghiva is a coquette, who had jilted Rudolph when she believed him poor. And now, for LURLINE.

ACT IV. SCENE, the Library in Rudolph's castle. (Two years are supposed to have elapsed since the curtain fell at the end of Act III.)

(RUDOLPH is discovered—solus—seated in an arm-chair, and smoking an enormous meerschaum.)

RUDOLPH (sigh)—Ah! (puffs out smoke.) Ah! (second puff of smoke.) Ah! (third puff of smoke.) Ah! (puts pipe on table.) Two years since my marriage! It seems two centuries! Little did I think what I incurred when I married an amphibious wife! Cut dead by all my noble neighbours, who said the marriage was "a fishy affair!" And so it has proved. True to her original instincts, my wife insists on fish for breakfast, dinner, and supper; and allows me no vegetable diet, but water-cresses. Then, that confounded harp, twanging from morning till night! What can be more irritating than a harp? Echo answers, "Two harps!" The old man came down handsome, certainly;—the King of the Rhine was liberal with his rhino. But, I went too cheap; decidedly too cheap! Went at the ridiculously low figure of twenty million marks in bullion. Fooled away two hundred thousand in paying my debts; and, for a balance of nineteen million eight hundred thousand marks, sold myself into slavery to a wife who makes me ridiculous in the eyes of my own retainers; and, if I venture to remonstrate, threatens to make the river overflow, and inundate my castle! Let me see. (Looking round.) I have the stage all to myself, and the dramatic situation seems to suggest a tenor song, for the sake of the music publishers. Can I gather inspiration from sweet recollections of the Fitzballian strains which I warbled in the three original acts? Hopeless task! I can but feebly imitate them. Let me at least preserve the Fitzballian rhymes.

Song (RUDOLPH).

(Air, "My home, my heart's first home.")
My home, my wretched home!
To me 'tis very clear
(By grief I'm overcome!)
I bought my wife too dear.
And while life's drizzling fountains last,
Whatever fate may come,
I must deplore the past;
My home! my dismal home!

(Enter LURLINE with harp and a mug of beer, which she places on table.)

LURLINE—My dear Rudolph, if you must sing, pray do sing in tune.

RUDOLPH—You admired my singing—once.

LURLINE—Yes, dear, I did. But your voice is not so clear as it was then. Latterly, I have noticed that my Rudolph has lost his A flat.

RUDOLPH—There was no doubt about A flat when I married you.

LURLINE—Sir? (Advancing towards RUDOLPH, who cowers.) RUDOLPH—My love! Only a joke out of a penny comic paper, edited by Herr Josef Müller.

LURLINE—My Rudolph, your conduct of late has been strange. Yesterday, you smoked only ninety pipes of kanaster, drank only sixteen gallons of beer. You are unhappy. Am I the cause? If you are tired of poor Lurline, say the word, and I will return to my pa.

RUDOLPH—Your pa?

LURLINE—Yes, my pa. Have you anything to say against him? Didn't he find the money to pay your debts?

RUDOLPH—Not a word to say against the governor.

LURLINE—You are out of sorts, my love. Let me prescribe for you. (Takes mug of beer from table, and sings to him.)

Song, LURLINE.

(Air, Take this cup of sparkling wine.)
Drink this mug of Lager beer,
Brewed from purest malt and hops;
When you feel a trifle queer,
Better it is than acid drops.

If you keep to six gallons a day,
Liver complaints you need not fear.
Life will placidly pass away,
Cheered by mugs of Lager beer!

RUDOLPH drinks, puts mug on table, and sighs.

LURLINE—And still you are not happy? Shall I touch the harp gently, my Rudolph?

RUDOLPH—(Aside.) Oh, Lord! (Aloud.) As gently as possible, dearest. [LURLINE begins to tune her harp.

Enter CHAWLES BROWN, the Seneschal, an importation from England.

CHAWLES—Beg parding, my lady; but there is two pussons below, inquiren' for your ladyship.

RUDOLPH—Visitors? Incredible! Who and what are they?

CHAWLES—One is a helderly gent, my lud. The hother looks like a damp hacrobat. Aperiently, they have been a fallin' into the river, for what clothes they 'ave is wet through, and the 'all is drippin' wet with what pours hoff them.

LURLINE—(Aside.) Can it be my father and the Gnome?

RUDOLPH—Visitors are a rarity here. Show them up. (To LURLINE.) Now, look here, Lurly. If these should be any of your old friends from the glittering caves, &c., &c., of the silver Rhine, I shan't put up with it.

LURLINE—(Advancing towards him.) You won't?

RUDOLPH—(Resolutely.) I won't. The beer has given me courage, and—hang it all!—a worm will turn. I won't!

Enter RHINEBERG and THE GNOME, the latter bearing a basket.

RHINEBERG—(Extending his arms to LURLINE.) My daughter! (LURLINE embraces him.) My son-in-law! (Extends his arms towards RUDOLPH, who takes a mackintosh out of library cupboard, puts on mackintosh, and then embraces RHINEBERG.) I know it was understood that Lurline was to drop her family connexions; but parental fondness overcame me, and here I am. I need scarcely remind you that a "Father's Love"—(begins to sing.)

"The nectar cup may yield delight"—

RUDOLPH—(Interrupting him.) Thank you very much, governor; but we've heard that before. What is the object of your visit?

RHINEBERG—To see my darling chee-ild once more.

GNOME—(Showing basket.) And to bring her a present that will remind her of the scenes of her infancy.

LURLINE—(Opening basket.) I long to see what you have brought me. What? Ah, yes! Oh, joy, rapture, bliss! Eels! eels!! eels!!! (Some eels escape from the basket. One of them twines round RUDOLPH's leg.)

RUDOLPH—(Ringing the bell violently.) Murder! Fire! Thieves! Eels!

Enter CHAWLES.

RUDOLPH (to CHAWLES)—Pick up those eels directly, and throw them back into the Rhine!

CHAWLES (deeply hurt)—My Lud, it is not my place to do hanythink of the kind. I have lived in the fust families in England, and was never even hasked to stoop so low!

LURLINE—Leave the eels alone!

RUDOLPH—Take them away directly!

CHAWLES—Beg parding, my Lud and my Lady; but I wish to leave. The month's wages, instead of a month's warnin, I would prefer to forfeit, rather than stay hany longer in a amphibberous family. My Lud and my Lady, I wish you good day. (Stalks out of the room, looking contemptuously at RHINEBERG and the GNOME. RHINEBERG and GNOME pick up eels, and replace them in basket.)

RUDOLPH (exasperated)—And now, confound it, I lose my trusty seneschal, recommended to me by our ambassador at the English Court. (The GNOME gets behind him, and drinks out of beer-jug.) Hi! what are you about?

GNOME (singing)—

"As in the cup the bead flies up."

RUDOLPH (stopping him)—That will do, thank you. We had enough of you in the second act. (To RHINEBERG)—How long do you think of stopping?

RHINEBERG—Not another instant; after your very un-son-in-law-like behaviour. (To LURLINE)—My chee-ild, we part for ever! Yet, should you ever wish to revisit the scenes of your childhood, throw this magic ring into the silver Rhine, and you may descend into its depths with safety. But, remember! Should you once use this ring, you will never be able to revisit the shore. And now I go.

RUDOLPH—We'll see you off, as far as the bank.

Exeunt. The scene changes to a sunset view of

THE LEFT BANK OF THE RHINE.

(GHIVA, and other leaders of fashion are lounging on seats, eating ices, or reading the evening papers. Enter RUDOLPH, LURLINE, RHINEBERG, and GNOME. The three latter walk to the water's edge. RUDOLPH flirts with GHIVA. LURLINE takes farewell of RHINEBERG and the GNOME, who plunge into the Rhine, and disappear. LURLINE is introduced to His Serene Highness PRINCE ESELKOPF, with whom she flirts gaily, out of revenge on RUDOLPH, whom she sees flirting with GHIVA.)

THE PRINCE (to LURLINE)—Aw,—aw; Is it twoo that your Ladyship is the, aw,—best—aw, swimwaw in Germany? Aw?

LURLINE—Your Highness flatters me.

THE PRINCE (pointing at the river)—By Jove! Aw,—look there! Nevaw saw such a fine twout in all my life! Nevaw!

LURLINE—Would your Highness like to have it?

THE PRINCE—To be shaw I should.

(LURLINE instantly jumps into the Rhine, and swims to the bank with a six-pounder trout between her teeth; emerges from the river; lays the trout at the feet of THE PRINCE, and shakes herself like a Newfoundland dog.)

GHIVA—Disgusting creature! She's quite ruined my new costume!

RUDOLPH (to LURLINE)—I'll have no more of this. I've caught colds enough already, from your perpetual dampness; but hitherto you have fished in private, and I have suffered and sneezed patiently. But after this expose, I forbid you from approaching the river bank!

THE PRINCE (to his courtiers)—Here's a wow!

LURLINE (to RUDOLPH)—Beware! This magic ring gives me the power to end my earthly existence, and resume my Nereid life. Remember! If I once were to exert that power, you would behold me no more!

RUDOLPH—But you had the ring on when you dived just now?

LURLINE (taking off ring, and throwing it into the river)—Behold! One half the spell is worked. And now were I to enter the waters of my native Rhine you would lose your darling Lurline for ever.

RUDOLPH—Yur don't say so? (Pushes her off the bank into the river. She disappears. THE PRINCE and his courtiers shake hands with RUDOLPH; who puts his arm round GHIVA's waist, and twirls his moustache complacently. All join in the final chorus.)

We've seen the last of damp Lurline this night,

Lurliety! Lurliety! Lurline!

She's settled—and we all say "Serve her right!"

Lurliety! Lurliety! Lurline!

(CURTAIN.)

HENRY HERSEE.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. S. SHENELE.—We were in error. We were under the impression at the time that your solution, which of course is quite correct, referred to another problem. Any contributions will be always welcome.

A. BOWLES (Uxbridge).—Quite correct.

W. HEATON.—You can obtain blank diagrams from W. Morgan, 67, Barbican.

H. H.—The problem is quite sound, and admits of no solution but the author's. If you will look at the position again, you will see that the White Rook is "pinnet," and cannot be moved.

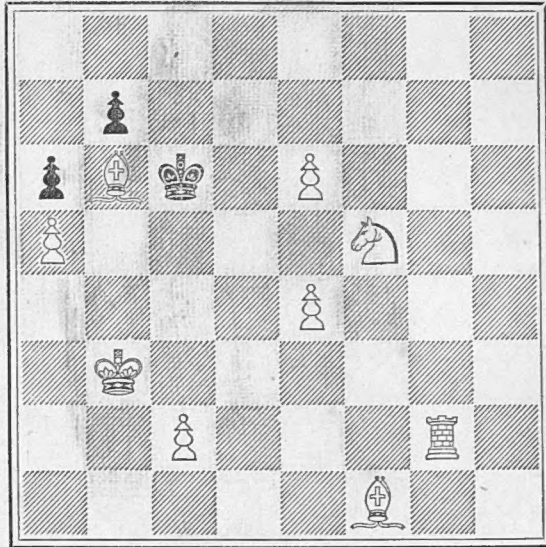
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 109.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 2 Anything.
2. P to K 4 mates.

PROBLEM No. 110.

BY "METEOR."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

THE COUNTIES' CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The annual contest for the Challenge Cup of this Association has again resulted in favour of Mr. Burn, of Liverpool, with a score of eleven games, and the trophy now becomes his property, he having won it on two previous occasions. The Rev. J. Owen, the Rev. W. Wayte, and Mr. Minchin, the new Hon. Sec. of the St. George's Chess Club, tied for the second, third and fourth prizes, with a score of nine games each; but there being no opportunity to play off the tie, a division was agreed to.

We append one of the games, the opponents being Messrs. Wayte and Thorold.

[PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.]

| | | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. T.) | WHITE (Mr. W.) | BLACK (Mr. T.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 21. Q to Q 4 | R to K sq |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | P to Q 3 | 22. Kt takes P | Kt takes Kt |
| 3. P to Q 4 | P to K B 4 | 23. Q takes Kt | Q to B 4 (ch) |
| 4. Q P takes P | B P takes P | 24. Q to Q 4 | Q takes Q (ch) |
| 5. Kt to K Kt 5 | P to Q 4 | 25. R takes Q | K to R sq |
| 6. P to K 6 | Kt to K B 3 (a) | 26. Q R to Q sq | P to K R 4 |
| 7. Kt to K B 7 | Q to K 2 | 27. P to Q Kt 3 | P to Q Kt 4 |
| 8. Kt takes R | B takes P | 28. Q R to K sq | K to Kt 2 |
| 9. B to K 2 | P to K Kt 3 | 29. R to K 3 | K to B 2 |
| 10. Castles | B to K Kt 2 | 30. K R to K sq | K to Q 3 |
| 11. B to K Kt 5 (b) | B takes Kt | 31. R to K Kt 3 | K to B 4 |
| 12. Kt to Q B 3 | P to Q B 3 | 32. B to K 3 (ch) | K to Kt 5 |
| 13. Q to Q 2 | Q Kt to Q 2 | 33. K to R 3 | B to K B 3 |
| 14. P to K B 3 | Castles | 34. P to Q B 3 (ch) | K to R 4 |
| 15. P takes P | P takes P | 35. B takes Q R P | B to R 5 |
| 16. Q R to Q sq | B to Q 4 | 36. B to Q 4 | B takes R (c) |
| 17. B to K Kt 4 (c) | Q to Q B 4 (ch) | 37. P takes B | P to K R 4 |
| 18. B to K 3 | Q to Q 3 | 38. B to B 5 | P to K R 5 |
| 19. B to K R 3 | K to Kt sq (d) | 39. R takes Kt | R takes R |
| 20. B to K B 4 | Kt to K 4 | 40. B takes R and Black resigned. | |

(a) A risky move in a match game; but Mr. Thorold seemingly attaches no value to the loss of the "exchange."

(b) Gaining important time, and far preferable to the obvious move of Kt takes Kt P, which would have opened the Rook's file for the action of Black's remaining Rook.

(c) White has already acquired a winning superiority.

(d) It is not easy to see how Black can now avoid further loss. He might have saved the piece by 36. B to K B 3, but in that case White might have replied with 37. R takes K Kt P, with, of course, a winning position.

WITH reference to a letter by W. J. H. of Warksop which we recently published, Mr. Frederick Gale of Mitcham, writes:—"I beg to put him right in one fact, which is this, that I do not appeal to the decision of the bowlers of England. I named Mr. Gilbert Grace, who bats more than any one in England; Shaw, who probably bowls more than any man in England, and Mr. V. E. Walker who probably has managed more matches of great importance than any man in England, as an impartial tribunal. I cannot read all the papers in London, and I cannot answer all the letters written one by one, and should any one write on the subject I should esteem it a great favour if he would send a half-penny card to F. G., Mitcham, Surrey, and state the paper in which he writes, and I will with your kind permission have a final reply when the storm—should a storm arise—has burst.

COMMENTING upon the present condition of the Royal Dramatic College "An Old Stager" says:—"I have talked with many old actors and never in a single instance did I discover that they had lost their old tastes for the footlights. As the huntsman's horn and the yelping dogs awaken the instinct of the worn-out steed peacefully nibbling the grass of a paddock, so it is with old actors. 'E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires,' and nothing delights them so much as to watch the advent of a new theatrical star, to mark the changes of public taste or to note the strange vicissitudes of Management. There is not an actor in a thousand but what would be far more interested to see a new piece than the finest landscape—who would not be better pleased to talk with some old crony of past successes of famous performers he has known than with any topic that could be started at 'the village inn!' I have a strong conviction that to the actor who has 'strutted and fretted' for the last time upon the boards to seek the retirement of Maybury is little better than exile. He cannot run up to town when he pleases and get an order from some old dramatic 'chum,' because there is the expense of the difficulty of getting back at night. Now, I imagine it would suit the actor far better if he had a small income guaranteed to live within a cheap omnibus or tramway ride of the theatres and of his old theatrical circles."

SUMMER DRINK.—REFRESHING.—Champagne Cyder, Lime Juice and Lemon Cordial. Important articles for health, and temperate. See pamphlet. Sold everywhere, and wholesale by Messrs. Henley and Son, Joiner-street, Tooley-street, London Bridge Railway Station, S.E.—[ADVT.]

NOTES FROM THE MOORS.

ON Monday Blackcock shooting opened on the Scotch moors under very favourable circumstances. The birds were healthy and fairly numerous in most districts, but owing to the cold stormy spring young birds are still small, especially on the higher ranges of the Grampians. Grouse shooting is still being carried on with success on most of the moors in Scotland.

The reports from the different moors and hills surrounding the centre of Tipperary are not so satisfactory as they might be. There has been a wonderful decrease in "red" game. Though the birds are "few and far between," they are strong and in

splendid condition. The moors which afford the best sport are Longochard, Kiloran, and Denyfada. The loss the sportsmen have sustained by having grouse so scarce will be amply made up on and after the 20th of September, when they will have an opportunity of having their game bags well filled with what at present promise to be first-class partridges.

The fields in the county of Meath, near Trim, are abundantly supplied with partridges, in the highest condition and strong on the wing; the bogs also are well supplied with grouse. Hares are numerous.

The extensive moors in the county of Roscommon are tolerably well supplied with grouse, but owing to quantities of turf being

cut and saved in sundry places over the bogs, the preservation is not quite as good as is desirable. The quality of those killed up to the present is pronounced excellent by experienced sportsmen. With regard to partridges the prospect is very cheering. Pheasants are very largely bred on the extensive preserves of Mr. Pakenham Mahon, at Strokestown, and on those of Mr. Wills-Sandford, at Castlereagh. The hatching and early rearing are now over, and with an unusual degree of success, the broods being numerous and healthy. It appears probable the supply of hares will be large.

The correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* writes about sport in Connemara:—"We may call this the 'grouse season,' if you insist upon it, on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*; but on



SUMMER FLOWERS.

any other dictionary system the nomenclature really would be, as Lord Byron says, 'begun too soon.' As yet we have scarce seen a feather, and those we did see were *out of sight*, and, moreover, our dog is established, and our gun barrels are as bright and as gleamy as the *lucida spicula* of that ancient famous tribe of the North American Indians that went in for fancy tomahawks."

In the county of Sligo for the past week grouse shooting has been most successful, particularly on the Leyney Mountains. The birds were plentiful and in excellent condition.

A LARGE number of guests have been invited by the Earl of Bradford to stay at Castle Bromwich during the Birmingham Festival.

WESTERN TOXOPHILITES.

SEVERAL interesting gatherings of western toxophilites have taken place. The Society of Wiltshire Archers met in Roundway Park, when the gentlemen's first prize for score was taken by Mr. Palmer, who made 139. The second prize for hits went to Mr. Hussey, with 196, against Mr. Clarke's 186. Mr. Hitchcock made the gentlemen's best gold, and Mr. Rooke the second best gold. The lady competitors thus distinguished themselves:—Mrs. Awdry, first prize for score, 175; Miss H. Fowler, second prize for hits, 30; Miss Smith, best gold; and Miss Plenderleath, second best gold. The society met on Tuesday last at Hartham Park. In the competition between the archers of

North and South Wilts respectively at Wilton Park, the Southern gentlemen scored 1391, ladies 1842, total 3232; the Northern gentlemen 1101, ladies 803, total 1904. The challenge cup and brooch, therefore, fell to the lot of South Wilts with a majority of 1329. The first bow meeting of the Stour Vale Club has been held at the Crown Meadow, Blandford, the prizes being thus taken;—Ladies: highest score, Miss Phelps, 232, with whites off; greatest number of hits, Miss Fox 57; best gold, Miss Maclean; visitors' prize, Miss Grey, 179. Gentlemen:—highest score, Rev. C. Phelps, 240, whites and Blacks off; greatest number of hits, the Rev. E. P. Cambridge, 46, with whites off; best gold, Mr. H. S. Bower; visitors' prize, Mr. P. S. Nevile, 272.



12th of August - Evening. The Old Story

PLEASE TAKE ONE
ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING
AND
DRAMATIC
NEWS
CONTENTS
Shooting
GROUSE SHOOTING
RAILWAYS
AUGUST 1876
SPECIAL
TRAINS
FARES
LONDON

12th of August. Morning
at the Railway Station

Oh how cruel
George! you promised
me not to kill me!

GROUSE SHOOTING 1876

Another 12th!

"I'm blow'd away if
I ain't gone and shot
the round!"

My lord

from London

after a good day

Harry W. Lewis

THE SERVIAN AND THEIR NATIONAL DRAMA.

It is not our province—thank goodness!—to make political capital out of the horrible doings of nations at war, and we have no inclination to realise pictorially any of those ghastly subjects which of late have frequently made the pages of certain home and foreign illustrated contemporaries repulsively terrible. Our sympathies are with the bravely-struggling Christians, whose history is so deeply interesting and so melancholy. We abhor the fiendish cruelties which make certain columns of the *Daily News* almost as bad as an attack of nightmare; but we do not forget that politics are of necessity matters of expediency with which the generous impulses of a still somewhat chivalric people—the descendants of more chivalric crusading ancestors—or even abstract right, have little or no concern. The spirited and warlike Servians are merely continuing those desperate, fitful struggles against foreign tyrants and fanatical persecutors in which they have been alternately encouraged and discouraged by powerful neighbours, more or less remote, consulting their own varying interests, ever since the days of the great swineherd, Black George—

What time, the Servian targe,
Broke down the Delhi's desperate charge;

and there is very little hope that, however disastrous and complete the defeat resulting from their present furious efforts may be, these fierce impetuous mountaineers will accept permanently a policy of peace and submission. When, in the reign of Charlemagne, the Servians embraced Christianity, they still preserved their independence as part of the Eastern, as opposed to the re-established Western Empire, and continued to do so in the face of the most desperate dangers. It will not be easy to break the spirit of such a race. The Servians still recall the days when they annihilated the immense Greek army which marched from Constantinople into their mountain heights, to place them in subjection, and, they still tell how, under one of their sainted Archbishops, they drove back the invading hordes of Mongols. When the Osmanlis swept away the Byzantine Empire, established by Rome, they also conquered the unfortunate Servians; but, from that day to the present, the Turks are as far as ever from reconciling these conquered mountaineers to their dominion. The outbreaks of 186-7 still live in the memories of the Servians, and are proudly preserved, with similar historical events, in the most popular of their national dramas—rude, simple plays, which move the passions of these poor Christian warrior swine-herds, shepherds, farmers, and peasants, with a power little understood by special correspondents of daily London papers, who are careless of their real significance and ignorant of their true meaning, as witness the following account, which we extract from a contemporary, an account which, in its misrepresentation and exaggeration, is amusing, for more reasons than its author is, perhaps, aware of:—

When in Belgrade some few years ago (says a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*), I was persuaded to spend an evening at the Servian National Theatre. There was something special about the performance, for tickets had been brought round to all the members of the Consular Corps by the manager, who delicately intimated to them that they were expected to contribute to the attractions of the programme by their presence, as well as to the receipts by as many golden ducats as their generosity should prompt them to pay for reserved seats. The play, of which I have, unfortunately, forgotten the name, was the piece which is, so to speak, the backbone of the Servian theatrical repertoire, of which no Servian audience is ever tired, and to appreciate the real beauty and merit of which I think it very likely that one must be a born Servian. It had five acts, and there was action enough in it for a dozen transpontine "melos" of the most thrilling sort. At the commencement of the first act the *dramatis persone* were so numerous that the stage was hopelessly inadequate for their accommodation, and the atmosphere of the house was tolerably clear; whilst at the conclusion of the fifth act a clean sweep appeared to have been made of the actors, and the stage, lights, audience, neighbours in the stalls; for all vanished in the folds of a brownish mist, as opaque and evil-smelling as a "London particular." The story of the play was strictly Servian—Czillak to the core. It had to do with the eminent founders of the rival dynasties, Karageorge and Obrenovich—the one a brigand, the other a pig-driver. The redundancy of players did not last long; the *personnel* of the drama was already nicely thinned out by the time the curtain fell on the close of the second tableau, chiefly because the one engrossing, burning purpose of every actor throughout the business of the stage was to discharge a firearm, and with fatal effect, at the person nearest him for the moment. It was the steady and well-nigh uninterrupted fulfilment of this purpose that gradually thickened the atmosphere. Each and every male performer was provided with a small arsenal of long single-barrelled pistols, a wicked-looking gun, a yataghan, and a few handy knives. Some of the ladies had pistols, with which they were as "ready" as Charles Lever himself could have desired one of his earlier heroes to be. They were also familiar with the use of the "snickersnee" as a means of adjusting political differences. They were all killed in the course of the piece; but, then, so was everybody else—there was no vulgar partiality for the stronger sex exhibited by the author. When—the audience being half choked and totally blind by the smoke—a final discharge of small-arms that shook the house signified to the initiated majority of the spectators, who received it with enthusiastic hand-clappings and shouts of "Zivio!" that the final catastrophe of the drama had come off, and that the play was, *de facto*, concluded, it struck me as odd that the curtain did not fall, and that the public did not rise from its seats. "Why don't they get up and go?" I whispered to my host, then Doyen of the Corps Consulaire, who had enjoyed a vast experience of Servian institutions. "They are waiting for the smoke to rise a little, in order to catch a glimpse of the final tableau!" was the reply; "when this fog lifts, just look at the stage, and you will see that Shakespeare is not the only dramatic author who winds up his plays with a general slaughter of his characters. When a piece is given on the stage here, the subject of which is taken from the Turco-Servian struggles, the final tableau always exhibits some living people on the stage—namely, the Servian survivors of the conflicts which have raged throughout the performance. All the Turks are dead, *cela va sans dire*; you see them strewn about in admired confusion, from pasha to simple soldier, all over the boards; whilst the victorious Czillaks, each with a foot upon an enemy's carcase, shout, fire their pistols towards the ceiling, and get the curtain down, eventually, in that sympathetic manner. But this, *cher ami*, is a drama, the action of which is based upon Servian home events—*des affaires de famille*, so to speak—and so, you will observe, the last scene is a veritable shambles. There is not a member of the company left alive upon the stage to tell us whether Black George's following, or the faction of Obren's son, has got the best of the hitting; and we are obliged to fall back upon contemporary history for a solution of this problem." By this time, the reek of powder had somewhat abated—the lights had again become dimly visible—we were close to the stage, in places of honour, and I could, with a great effort, faintly see the "set" which had hitherto been hidden from my gaze by a dense veil of vapour. It was as my friend said; there was not a living soul on the stage! The toes of the patriots who had burnt such a quantity of powder in the course of the evening were turned up to the daisies, or rather to the mimic rocks of a mountain gorge in which they had dealt with one another according to

the custom of the country. As soon as this dramatic consummation became perceptible with tolerable distinctness, the band struck up a lugubrious droning ditty, such as is in England popularly supposed to be peculiarly fatal to "milky mothers;" the audience applauded vigorously, and the curtain descended slowly—reluctant, as it were, to interpose between a Servian public and so congenial a spectacle.

LADY BARBARA'S TROUT.

(BY RICHARD DOWLING.)

THE stream Aspenore, before it falls into the river Ladeway, tumbles through a damp, dim, pine glen, then expands a little, and is presently gathered to the side of a mill by a weir, like a would-be truant child tethered by an apron-string to the waist of a mother. Below the mill the little stream is deep, placid, content. Here it seems to feel as though it had its holidays up the hills and in that sweet, cool, verdurous glen, and ought now to wear a sober face, and go its way like a sensible citizen.

All the land from the Ladeway to the mill, and from the mill high up into the hills, is the property of Lady Barbara, childless widow of the late baronet, who destroyed the entail in a somewhat unjustifiable manner, so that the property might not come into the hands of the heir presumptive (a nephew upon whose ways he looked with disfavour), and left all to his wife for her life, and after her death to a distant cousin.

After her husband's decease, the widow, in order that she might not be continually reminded of her loss, requested her servants to call her simply "Lady Barbara;" and when this wish became known among her tenants and friends, they too fell into calling her "Lady Barbara," for she was the most estimable and popular lady within a day's walk, and all who knew her held it a privilege to do her lightest will. In time all her possessions came to be spoken of in connection with her name, for they all seemed to feel the influence of her gentle kindness and sympathetic charity. Thus things and places were known as, Lady Barbara's Glen, Lady Barbara's Mill, Lady Barbara's Trout.

"And what is Lady Barbara's Trout? Stuffed?" I asked the landlord of the Globe Inn, where I had come to stay a few days. The Globe Inn was in the village of Hazeltree, hard by the juncture of the Aspenore and the Ladeway.

"Stuffed!" he cried, indignantly. "No, but alive and kicking. The biggest trout in all these waters, and never seen anywhere but between the mill and this village."

"Suppose," said I, holding up a pet fly. "Suppose I give him a look at that. There's a most beautiful silver-black hackle. What do you think of that?"

"I don't say anything against your fly," said the host, impressively. He was excessively corpulent, red-faced, and slow of speech, and lived in continual connection with a long clay pipe; "but there isn't a fly in the three parishes that he hasn't had a look at; but he only laughs at them all, and goes on with his games."

"Laughs at them all," I repeated, thoughtfully, picturing to myself a melancholy-visaged fish breaking into a derisive smile, and bursting into loud cachinations until the tears rolled down his scaly cheeks.

"Laughs at them all," repeated my host, adding in a tone of kindly warning, "and goes on with his games." While uttering the last words he withdrew his pipe an inch from his lips, and looked me gravely in the face, as though to draw my attention to the significant fact that he had considered it well to add importance to his words by ceasing to smoke.

"His games?" I said. "And what are his games?"

The host coughed, crossed his legs, and gazed thoughtfully down the stem of his pipe, as he replaced it in its proper receptacle.

"He spends all the day at the bottom of a deep hole under the lovers' seat below the mill. The lovers' seat is at the butt of a great oak tree, which makes a deep shadow in summer, so that you can't see the monster, only badly now and then. In winter there isn't sunlight enough to get to the bottom of the hole. So that no one ever had a fair look at him in daylight. But in the dusk, people on the banks often see him swimming at the rate of a funeral, and nearly as long, down the middle of the stream."

"Does he never rise?"

"He does; but only, like the ghosts, at midnight, when there are no people about in this quiet place to see him."

"But has no one ever seen him rise?"

"Yes; one, the watchman at the mill. He saw him at his games."

"Tell me about these games."

"Well, five years ago he began. It was first a flask left on the lovers' seat; then a lady's shawl, forgotten there; then an umbrella; then a dog whip; then a lady's work bag, full of crochet needles. But this spring he beat all he ever did before, it was two black lambs from Lady Barbara's own field at the side opposite the mill."

"But what on earth had a trout to do with all these things?"

"Ah; and that's the most wonderful thing of all, that it was on earth he had to do with them."

"What did he do with them?" I was becoming profoundly interested.

"He ate them."

"WHAT!"

"Ate them. Got up on the bank, like a serpent, and devoured the things."

"Serpent!" I cried. "Why, this trout of yours beats the great Sea Serpent hollow! There isn't his equal in all the waters of the world."

"Or on the land either," added my host, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, and crossing his legs the other way, as though they had been crossed in the former way out of respect to the recital of the prodigies performed by Lady Barbara's Trout, and that recital being finished a loss of deference would be shown by retaining the legs in the old position.

"Tell me," said I, after a pause, "did you ever hear of him swallowing a perambulator for twins?"

"No, I never heard of his doing that. But he did a lady's muff."

"The muff won't do. To be candid with you, ever since the Westminster Aquarium was opened they have kept tanks empty in the hope of securing for them a trout that had swallowed a perambulator for twins; but up to this they haven't succeeded in getting one. They have a trout that swallowed a lady's muff. But they'd give almost any sum for one that had swallowed a perambulator for twins. If you could only assure me he had done so, I'd undertake to capture the monster alive, and you and I could divide."

My host's legs once more went back to their old position, as though while canvassing the possibilities of the trout, an attitude of reverence were becoming. "I don't think he was ever tried with that kind of thing—not that I heard of," he said slowly.

"Well then, we must try him. If we succeed, we are made men. You must get the perambulator."

"Twins are very scarce about here; the Union Board have set their faces against them among the poor; and they're not thought genteel among the rich."

"Never mind the difficulty," I said, laying my hand on the

host's shoulder. "Think of the reward. I'll go now, and count confidently on your finding the thing before evening."

With these words I left him slowly puffing at his pipe, which had been smoked out for some time.

I returned towards six o'clock, and found him smoking, and with an expression of suppressed triumph on his browed face.

"Have you got it?" I asked.

"Yes; there it is."

It was rather a dilapidated perambulator. One spoke of the fore-wheel was gone, it had no apron, and the leather at one side was much torn.

"Do you think he'll rise to that?" I asked, somewhat dubiously.

"Yes," answered the landlord, confidently. "He rather prefers things seasoned. He hates fresh paint or fresh varnish."

"But about that missing spoke—isn't he likely to look on broken victuals without appetite?"

"No. The flask he took wasn't complete, the stopper was wanting."

"In that case this thing will do, and we'll start after dark."

At ten o'clock we were at the lovers' seat with our perambulator. Having placed the bait invitingly, the fore wheel hanging over the water and the back wheels scotched, I said, "Shall we wait?"

"No. He's as 'cute as he's wonderful at grub, and won't feed if anyone's looking."

Accordingly we returned to the inn. Next morning I went betimes, and came running back.

"Well?" cried my host, as I approached.

"It's gone!" I shouted. "He's bolted it! Didn't leave a pick behind." By this time I was shaking my host by the hand heartily, and his face was purple with excitement.

"We're made men!" I cried, half wild with excitement. "We're made men! The Aquarium people will give ten thousand guineas, fifteen thousand guineas for this monster."

"With those wheels in him," said the host, "he'd be able to trot about the country like a gig match."

"He will!" I laughed with joy. "But now we have to catch him—alive, of course."

"Alive! That's no easy job."

"No easy job, but we'll do it," said I, exultingly. "Let me see. Ah! It's unfortunate that this should be Sunday. I can't go over to the town and get the tackle I want. Nothing can be done until tomorrow."

"No; nothing until tomorrow."

That evening the landlord and I went for a stroll. As we were passing down a shady lane, he said to me, pointing with his hand, "That's where the mill watchman, that saw Lady Barbara's Trout, lives."

"Then," said I, "let us go over and have a chat with him. A pamphlet will have to be written on this monster, and we'd better get all the reliable information we can."

We reached the threshold and paused. For a while both of us looked into the little living-room; then, as if acting on some common impulse, we both sighed, turned away, and continued our walk until we came to the end of the lane. Here I said, sadly,—

"Did you see the flask on the chimney-piece?"

"I did."

"And the shawl acting as a cover for the table?"

"Yes."

"And the umbrella in the corner?"

"Sure enough."

"And the dog whip hanging on the nail?"

"That's where it was."

"And the work-bag on the chair?"

"Quite right."

"And the black wool sticking out of the cushions?"

"Lamb's wool, or I'm no judge."

"And the perambulator for twins, with a spoke missing in the fore-wheel?"

"Exactly."

"And Lady Barbara's Trout sitting on a stool?"

"In his shirt-sleeves."

"Reading a newspaper?"

"And smoking a short clay pipe—too short for health."

"I don't think the Aquarium people would give a shilling for him. Such trout are as common as honest men."

"Commoner."

THERE will be gay doings at Baden next week on the occasion of the annual visit of the International Gun and Polo Club, with fishing, racing, and dancing, and other attractions.

THE quarrel between Sir Chas. Du Cane, Mr. Round, M.P., and Captain White, master of the East Essex Foxhounds, as to the non-preservation of foxes in the Braxted covers of Sir Charles, has ended in Captain White selling the hounds, 34 couples, to the committee of the Glamorganshire Hunt, to succeed the hounds which Mr. Talbot purchased from Mr. Musters.

MR. T. C. O'BRIEN, of New York, is engaged in perfecting a machine for timing horses, pedestrians, &c., which may be thus briefly described:—A wire, enclosed in india rubber, is carried across the course at the "scratch," or starting point, and is continued alongside the track to the winning-post, and there connected electrically with a clock dial. When the foot of the leading horse, or wheel of the sulky, strikes this at the starting point the circuit is broken, and the clock starts; and, after the last horse has passed the scratch, the circuit is re-established by a lever movement—the clock stopping at the moment the winner crosses the score.

MR. E. H. KINGSLEY writes from Highgate:—"I am surprised that none of your correspondents have called your attention to a passage in Ben Johnson's *Bartholomew Fair* which I think evidently refers to the ancient practical joke of drawing a cat through a river or pond:—'*Wasp*—But before I will endure such another half-day with him, I'll be drawn with a good jib-cat through the horse-pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was.' The 'jest,' as far as I can make it out, was this:—Having caught your 'gull,' you made him a bet that he could not drag a cat across a river or pond by means of a rope, one end of which you tie tightly round his waist. Having got your 'gull' in position, instead of tying the cat to your end of the rope, you hauled on it mightily, sousing him soundly, to the special delectation of the bystanders, and the winning of your bet."

THE Prince of Wales was present at the pigeon-shooting at Deauville on Friday week. The first event was the handicap reserved to members of the club. Three objects of art had been presented as prizes by M. d'Epinau—two bronzes, "Low Water" and "High Water," by Grévin, and a *terra cotta* representing a young girl holding a pigeon to her breast, with the inscription, "Dare to fire!" They were gained by Mr. Vansittart, Sir William Call, and M. Paul Frémé. The great handicap was won by M. Dorlodot, with M. de Sainte Clair second and M. Dehaynin third. The prince, who appears to have enjoyed his stay at Deauville, was at the theatre on Friday evening, when "Gavaut, Minart et Cie." was played. The heat was intense, and his royal highness might have imagined himself again in India.

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects are destroyed by Keating's Insect Destroying Powder, which is quite harmless to domestic animals. Sold in Tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by Thomas Keating, St. Paul's-churchyard, London; and all Chemists.—[Advrt.]